



75¢
47778

NO. 19
JUNE
1974
T.M.

NIGHTMARE

IS
DRACULA
DEAD OR ALIVE
IN
1974?
THE GHASTLY
TRUTH IS IN
CASTLE
OF THE
VAMPIRE
DEAD

A SKYWALD
HORROR-MOOD
PUBLICATION



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Zoadoq.

...FIRST IN A SERIES OF SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED FEATURES PRESENTING HORROR FRAGMENTS OF FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, DETECTIVE, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE CLASSICS...

...HORROR FRAGMENTS...

THE HELL HOUNDS OF THE BASKERVILLES

...THERE IS AN ELEMENT OF HORROR IN EVERY STORY EVER WRITTEN, IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED...AND THE FAMED DETECTIVE-ADVENTURE TALES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES ARE NO EXCEPTION...



...THE MAN SHERLOCK HOLMES HIMSELF WAS A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE... SHROUDED IN HIS FAMOUS CLOAK. HE TRACKED THE MOST DESPICABLE CRIMINALS IMAGINABLE IN ALL QUARTERS OF HIS 19TH CENTURY ENGLAND...



...IN ONE OF HIS MOST FAMOUS TALES : 'THE HOUNDS OF THE BASKERVILLES', HE IS CALLED TO INVESTIGATE MYSTERIOUS MURDERS IN A SWAMP-AREA NEAR FAMOUS DARTMOR PRISON...



...AND THERE FACES THE MOST MONSTROUS ANIMAL-BEAST OF HIS CAREER...

...THE BEAST ATTACKS AND MAULS HIS COMPANIONS... AND IT IS ONLY THROUGH HOLMES' QUICK ACTION THAT THE HELL HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES DOES NOT RIP THE GROUP TO SHREDS WITH HIS VICIOUS TEETH AND CLAWS...

...THE HELL HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES WAS IN FACT A STARVED MONSTER DOG WHO KILLED HIS MASTER'S ENEMIES BECAUSE HE WAS RAVENOUS AND MAD... IF THE VICTIM DID NOT DIE FROM THE ATTACK ITSELF HE DIED FROM INFECTIOUS RABIES SHORTLY THEREAFTER... SHERLOCK HOLMES ENDED THE DOG'S LIFE WITH A SHOT THRU THE BEAST'S HEART...

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

NIGHTMARE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

NUMBER 19

JUNE 1974

COVER ARTIST: BOADA

CONTRIBUTORS: CARDONA CINTRON

JESUS DURAN ALPHONSO FONT

EDGAR ALLAN POE FERRAN SOSTRES

RICARDO VILLAMONTE

...in this issue...

The Autobiography of a Vampire

CHAPTER 3

MY TOMB IS MY CASTLE

WILLIAM
WILSON

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S MASTERPIECE OF HORROR

THE HUMAN
GARGOYLES
TALES OUT OF HELL!

THE
VAULT!

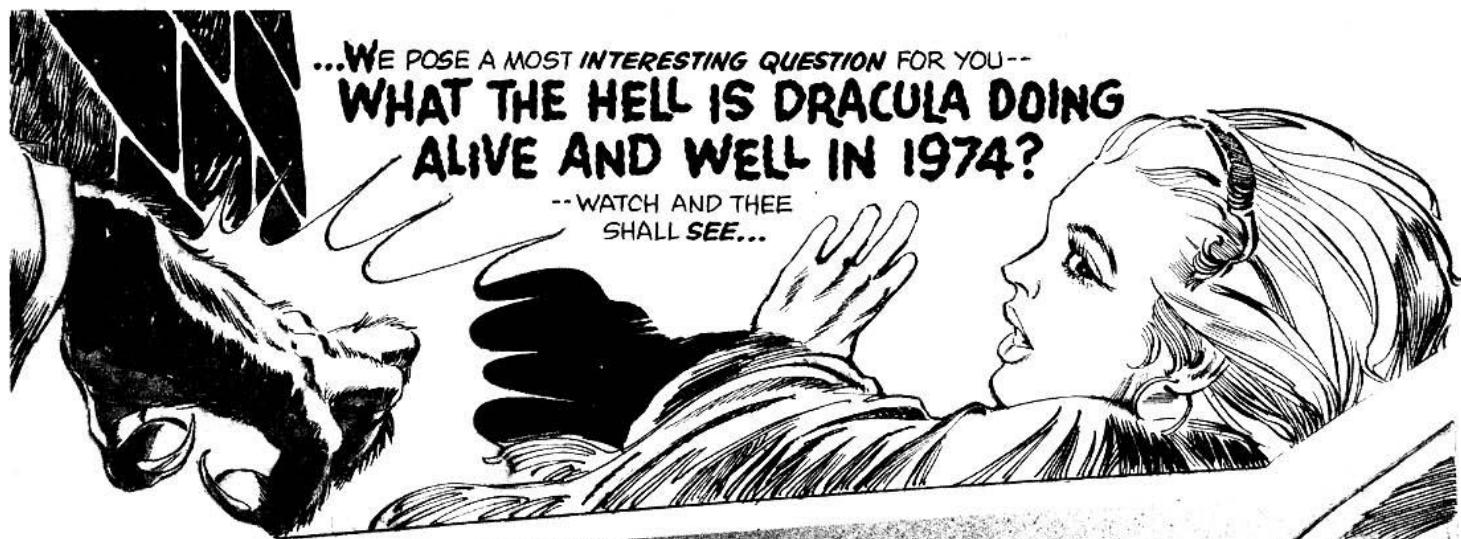
CASTLE
of the
VAMPIRE DEAD

NIGHTMARE IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY. PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

...WE POSE A MOST INTERESTING QUESTION FOR YOU--

WHAT THE HELL IS DRACULA DOING ALIVE AND WELL IN 1974?

--WATCH AND THEE
SHALL SEE...



...NEW
THE
METH
LAST
FOR THE WEIRD,
AND
OF THESE AMERICAS...

IN OTHER WORDS...LAST
REFUGE FOR THAT BORED
AND DISENFRANCHISED
MINORITY GROUP WHO CALL
THEMSELVES "INDIVIDUALS"...







...THE CARD WAS SUCCINCT, IT
SAID ONLY: COUNT DRACULA
THE ISLE DE FRANCE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA

...AND JUST AS THERE IS ONLY ONE
COUNT DRACULA THERE IS ONLY ONE
ISLE DE FRANCE ON THE MEDITERRANEAN
SEA, UPON WHICH AN ANCIENT MANSION
RISES INTO THE BLACK SKIES OF HELL ON
HIGH...AN ISLE THAT IS MERELY A HUGE
CRAG RISING OUT OF THE SEAS...THIS
IS DRACULA'S REFUGE IN 1974, FOR HIS
HOME TRANSYLVANIA IS NOW COMMUNIST
RUMANIA, HIS NAME IS EVEN MORE FAMOUS
NOW THAT IN HIS OWN DAY, AND TO LIVE IN
EVASION OF LAW AND AUTHORITY REQUIRES
SUCH ANONYMITY OF RESIDENCE AS THIS
ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF
NOWHERE...

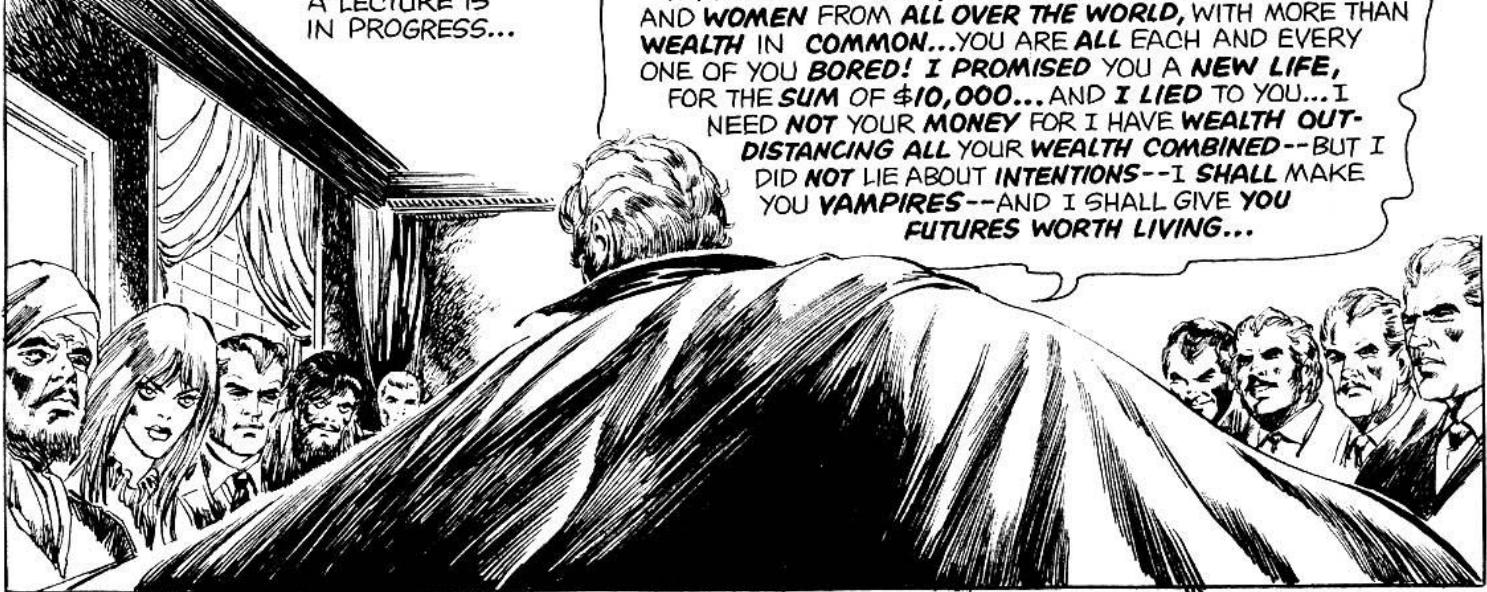
...THIS PLACE THAT IS THE...

Castle of the Vampire Dead

WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY JESUS DURAN

...AND WITHIN,
A LECTURE IS
IN PROGRESS...

I PICKED YOU WELL, MY FRIENDS, RICH YOUNG MEN
AND WOMEN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, WITH MORE THAN
WEALTH IN COMMON...YOU ARE ALL EACH AND EVERY
ONE OF YOU BORED! I PROMISED YOU A NEW LIFE,
FOR THE SUM OF \$10,000...AND I LIED TO YOU...I
NEED NOT YOUR MONEY FOR I HAVE WEALTH OUT-
DISTANCING ALL YOUR WEALTH COMBINED--BUT I
DID NOT LIE ABOUT INTENTIONS--I SHALL MAKE
YOU VAMPIRES--AND I SHALL GIVE YOU
FUTURES WORTH LIVING...



AT LEAST NOTHING WORTH GETTING...
...WOULD YOU HAVE
BELIEVED ME IF I'D
OFFERED YOU MY "GIFT"
WITHOUT
CHARGE?

WHY DID YOU MAKE-UP THAT
BIT ABOUT THE MONEY...
WHAT WAS THE POINT?

PEOPLE OF
WEALTH, SUCH AS ALL
OF YOU, BELIEVE
NOTHING IS FREE...

...I'LL WAGER
THERE IS A
FEE OF SOME
KIND...

NO--THERE IS NONE! I HAVE
SOMETHING I'D LIKE YOU TO
DO--BUT IT IS ENTIRELY
VOLUNTARY, AND SHOULD YOU
REJECT MY PLAN I WILL FULFILL MY
PROMISE TO MAKE YOU INTO VAMPIRES
NONE-THE-LESS...AND YOU CAN GO ABOUT
YOUR PRIVATE
WAYS...

...IN MY WORLD
THAT IS...IN THE PERIOD
OF TIME INTO WHICH I
WAS BORN AND BRED,
A MAN, WHETHER
BORN TO NOBILITY
OR PEASANTRY,
COULD GRAB POWER
AND HOLD
POWER, LIMITED
MERELY BY HIS PERSONAL
ABILITY...IN THIS WORLD,
1974...PERSONAL
ABILITY HAS LITTLE
TO DO WITH POWER...
IN THIS WORLD IT IS
THE ORGANIZED GROUP
THAT SURVIVES--THE
STRONGER THE ORGAN-
IZATION--THE MORE POWER
THEY WIELD --THE MORE
PEOPLE THEY
CONTROL THE
BIGGER THEIR
FORTUNES--THE MORE
ENDURING THEIR
STRENGTH...AS I AM
BUT AN INDIVIDUAL, I
NEED TO BE WITHIN AN
ORGANIZED GROUP
TO SURVIVE...AND
SO I HAVE CALLED
YOU TO BE MY
GROUP...

...YOUR PHILOSOPHY
DOES NOT CLASH
WITH WHAT WE KNOW
OF YOUR CHARACTER,
DRACULA--BUT YOUR
CONCEPTIONS OF BEING
PART OF A GROUP
ARE HARD TO
BELIEVE COMING
FROM YOU...

MY PROPOSAL, TO
ANTICIPATE YOUR NEXT
QUESTION, IS BOLDER
THAN ANY PLAN OF
MORTAL MAN...

I PROPOSE WE
BEGIN A BRAVE NEW
WORLD -- A NEW
SOCIETY--A
VAMPIRE SOCIETY...

...A NEW WORLD--
BUT WHERE?

...RIGHT HERE ON
EARTH! UNDER THE
VERY SURFACE OF
THE SEAS...

WELL GIRL--IT MAY
BE HARD TO BELIEVE
--BUT I AM CONVINCED
THE INDIVIDUAL HAS
NO POWER IN THESE
MODERN TIMES --AND
SO IF I AM TO SURVIVE,
THEN I HAVE LITTLE
ALTERNATIVE...
I MUST REFORM
MY WANTS INTO
MY NEEDS...
COME--MY PROJECT
IS ALREADY BEGIN
--I'LL TAKE YOU
ALL ON A TOUR...



HOW DO WE KNOW
HE'S REALLY DRACULA,
AND NOT SOME
IMPOSTER--SOME NUT
WHO JUST THINKS
HE'S DRACULA?

...WE DON'T...
...BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE
WHETHER THIS MAN IS DRACULA OR THE
CONDUCTOR OF THE MORMON TABERNACLE
CHOIR--SO LONG AS HE OFFERS US
EXCITEMENT AND
CHALLENGE?

TICK

...WE'RE DESCENDING
IN A DIVING BELL!

...YES--FOR THE PRESENT--
BUT YOU MUST REALIZE
THAT WHEN YOU BECOME
VAMPIRES AND WE BEGIN
OUR SOCIETY YOU WILL BE
ABLE TO **BREATHE FREELY**
UNDERWATER--FEELING
NO DISCOMFORT--FOR A
VAMPIRE NEEDS NOT AIR
TO BREATHE...MERELY
BLOOD IN HIS VEINS...



...MODERN SOCIETY HAS ITS DRAWBACKS
IN SOME WAYS--BUT IN OTHERS IT IS ALMOST A
MAGICAL SOCIETY--FOR SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
HAS BROUGHT US TO THE BRINK OF A DIFFERENT TYPE OF WORLD,
ONE LIKE THIS--A WORLD UNDER THE SEA--ALREADY POPULATED BY
A HUNDRED PEOPLE SUCH AS YOU--POWERFUL VAMPIRES--DURING THE
LAST 5 YEARS WE'VE WORKED TOGETHER TO BUILD THIS WORLD--I'VE
CALLED TRANSYLVANIA II--I HOPE YOU WILL ALL JOIN US--AND TRAVEL ABOUT THE
WORLD RECRUITING OTHERS WHO WOULD BE INTERESTED IN BEGINNING THIS NEW WORLD--
WE NEED A SOCIETY OF THOUSANDS BEFORE WE CAN ESTABLISH OURSELVES AS A LEGITIMATE
NATION--ABLE TO APPROACH MANKIND ON ITS ESTABLISHED POLITICAL TERMS AND THEREBY
HAVE A VOICE IN THE WORLD...A VOICE WHICH THE WORLD SHALL FEAR--FOR THE END RESULT
OF ALL THIS IS CONQUEST--TODAY, TRANSYLVANIA II--TOMORROW--THE WORLD!





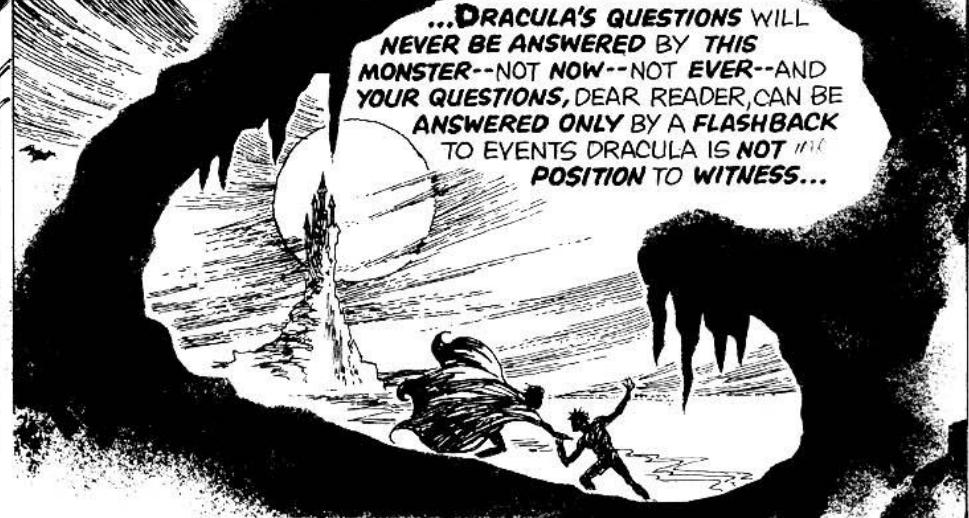


...YOU KILL A HUNDRED
PEOPLE--YOU THREATEN
MY NEW WORLD--YET YOU
ARE SO INSIGNIFICANT
AN ENTITY YOU CANNOT
EVEN SPEAK...

...WELL, MONSTER,
BREATHE YOUR
LAST FOUL
BREATH--



...FOR--TONIGHT
YOU **DIE!!**



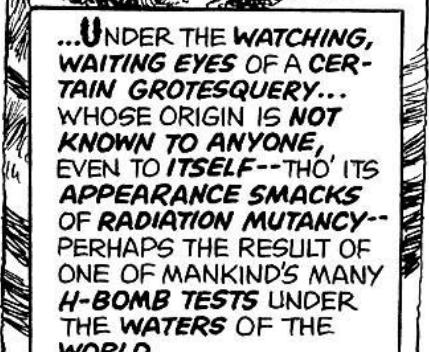
...DRACULA'S QUESTIONS WILL
NEVER BE ANSWERED BY THIS
MONSTER--NOT NOW--NOT EVER--AND
YOUR QUESTIONS, DEAR READER, CAN BE
ANSWERED ONLY BY A FLASHBACK
TO EVENTS DRACULA IS NOT IN
POSITION TO WITNESS...



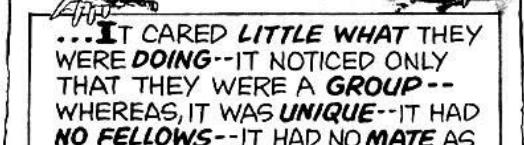
...A FLASHBACK 5 LONG YEARS
TO THE BEGINNING OF
DRACULA'S BRAVE NEW
WORLD AS HE LED HIS
FIRST EXPEDITION BE-
NEATH THE WAVES...



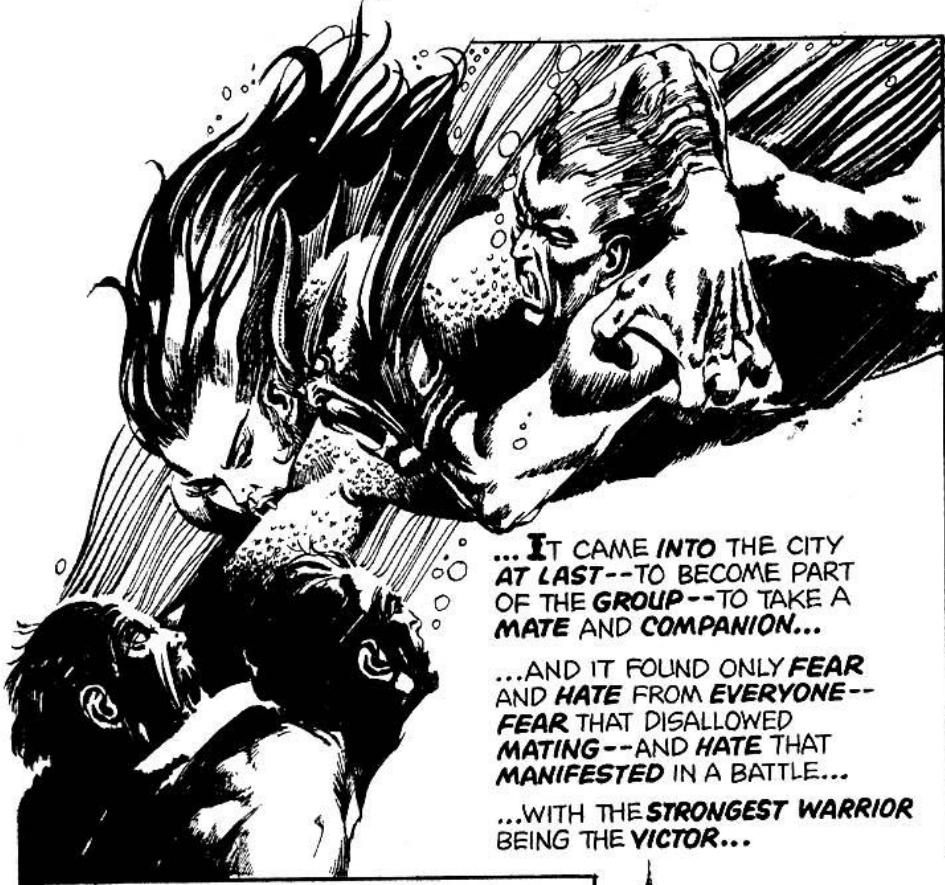
...SOMETHING FISH YET SOMETHING
HUMAN--SOMETHING RATIONAL YET
SOMETHING INSTINCTUAL--IT
WAITED, AND IT WATCHED, WHILE
A LUNATIC GROUP OF
VAMPIRES BUILD: A CITY
IN ITS PRIVATE DOMAIN...



...UNDER THE WATCHING,
WAITING EYES OF A CERTAIN
GROTESQUERY...
WHOSE ORIGIN IS NOT
KNOWN TO ANYONE,
EVEN TO ITSELF--THO' ITS
APPEARANCE SMACKS
OF RADIATION MUTANCY--
PERHAPS THE RESULT OF
ONE OF MANKIND'S MANY
H-BOMB TESTS UNDER
THE WATERS OF THE
WORLD...



...I CARED LITTLE WHAT THEY
WERE DOING--IT NOTICED ONLY
THAT THEY WERE A GROUP--
WHEREAS, IT WAS UNIQUE--IT HAD
NO FELLOWS--IT HAD NO MATE AS
DID EVERYONE IN THE GROUP...



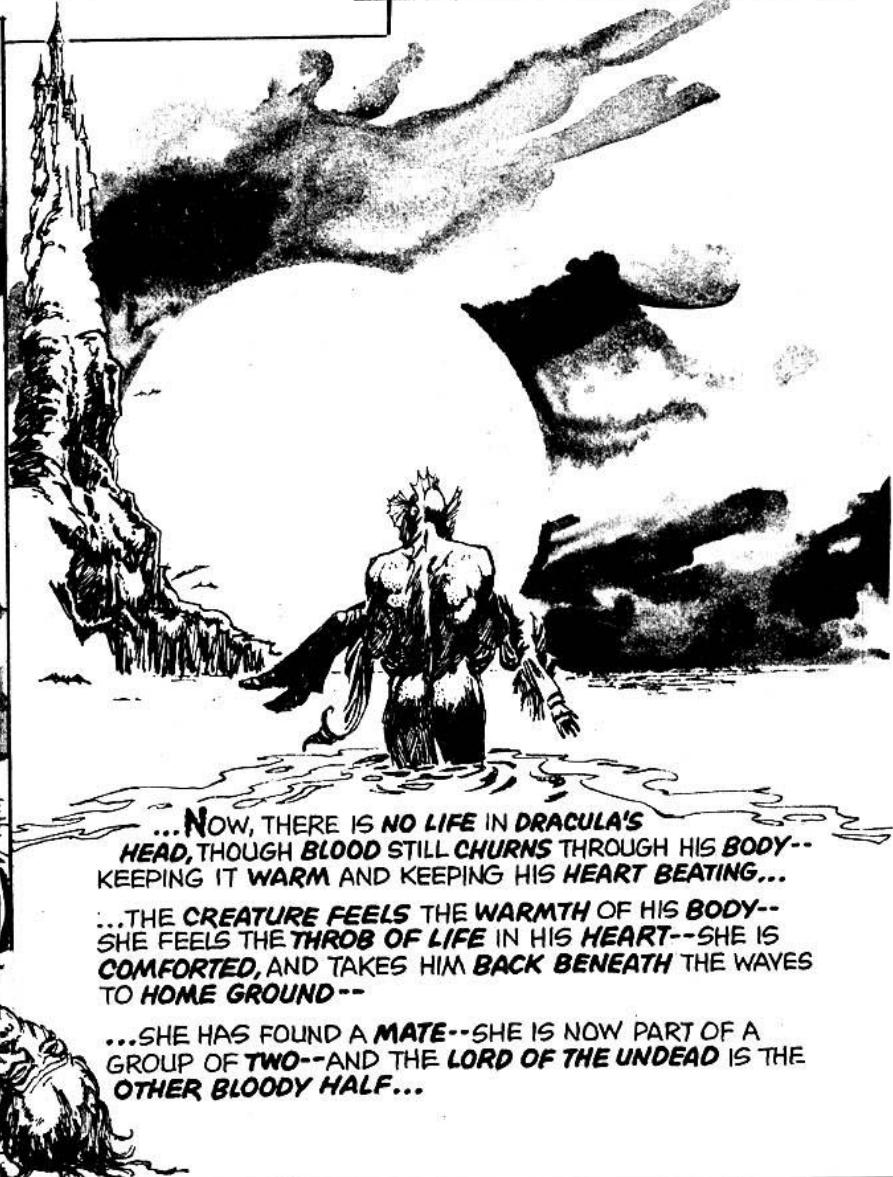
...BATTLE AFTER BATTLE
THIS INDIVIDUAL WINS AGAINST
THE GROUP IT SO INNOCENTLY
DESIRED TO JOIN--TO WELCOME
A PART OF--

...BUT NONE OF THEM WOULD
ACCEPT IT...SO THEY WERE
DESTROYED...



...EVEN AS DRACULA IS DESTROYED
WHEN THE CREATURE WRENCHES BACK
DRACULA'S HEAD SO VIOLENTLY THE
JUGULAR VEIN IS SEVERED--THAT VEIN
IN THE NECK THAT ENABLES THE CIRCU-
LATION OF BLOOD INTO THE HEAD...

...BLOOD IS DRACULA'S AIR--IT
IS HIS LIFE...



...NOW, THERE IS NO LIFE IN DRACULA'S
HEAD, THOUGH BLOOD STILL CHURNS THROUGH HIS BODY--
KEEPING IT WARM AND KEEPING HIS HEART BEATING...

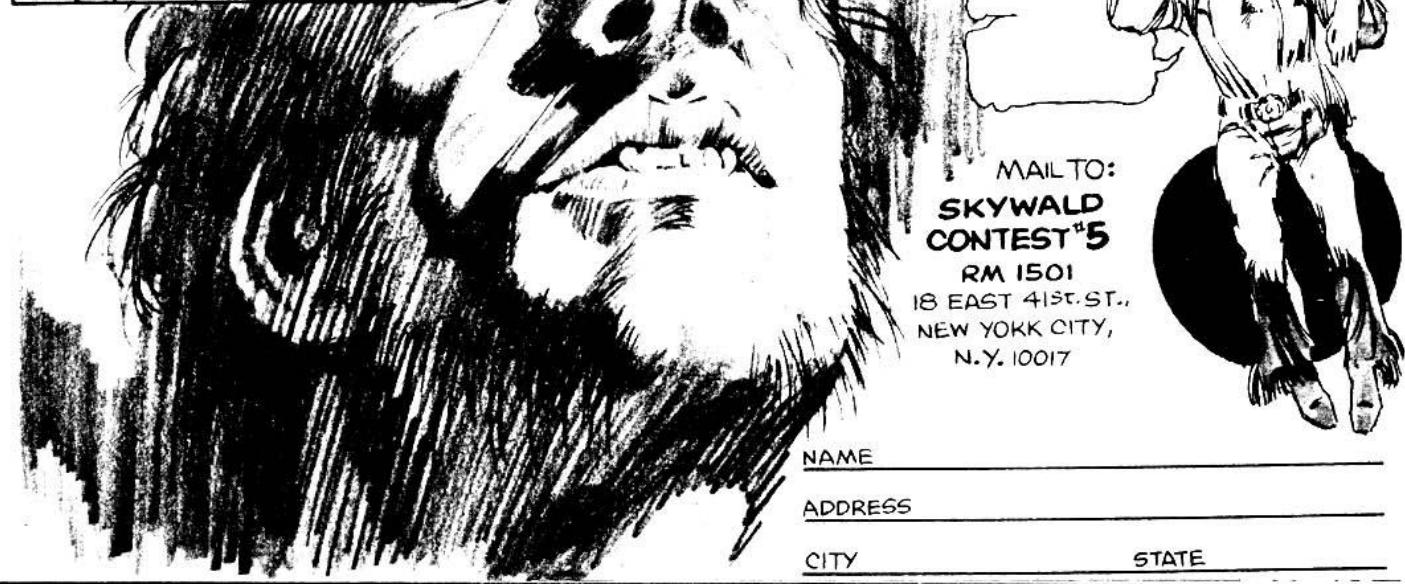
...THE CREATURE FEELS THE WARMTH OF HIS BODY--
SHE FEELS THE THROB OF LIFE IN HIS HEART--SHE IS
COMFORTED, AND TAKES HIM BACK BENEATH THE WAVES
TO HOME GROUND--

...SHE HAS FOUND A MATE--SHE IS NOW PART OF A
GROUP OF TWO--AND THE LORD OF THE UNDEAD IS THE
OTHER BLOODY HALF...

**HORROR
PREVIEW**

CONTEST

... can you fill in the missing VOICE BALLOONS ? The best 5 entries we receive will WIN an advance copy of the next issue ... get your entry in FAST and you can become a WINNER ...



MAIL TO:
**SKYWALD
CONTEST #5**
RM 1501
18 EAST 41ST ST.
NEW YORK CITY,
N.Y. 10017

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

...THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG...

" . . . I've been reading your horrific magazines for about a year now, and I'm compelled to comment on a couple of recent issues of PSYCHO — the tale THE PREMATURE BURIAL OF A MUMMY in PSYCHO #16 was a very new and different kind of tale. Congratulations to De La Rosa for a job horribly well done! Rubio also did a terrifyingly weird portrayal with THE THING IN THE BOX! PSYCHO #17 was a masterpiece — starting off with the shocking grotesqueness of Faba's exciting yet sickening cover! Have Faba do more covers, especially ones with as much dramatic color as this one had . . .

. . . THE DEATH PIT, BLOW YOUR MIND WITH DEATH ROK on the inside front cover was interestingly good, but you didn't tell us who did the artwork. Whoever it is, have that person do more artwork for you! I've always enjoyed Ricardo Villamonte, and THE BLACK SCULPTURE OF THE PHARAOHS was no exception! Both new artists introduced in this issue did exceptionally fine jobs! Cardona and Collado deserve return assignments for their astonishing and incredible artwork on THIS IS YOUR LIFE, SAM HAMMER, THIS IS YOUR DEATH and THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT, respectively! Where will these two new artists be appearing next? This issue also had a story by Maro Nava, who is always BLOODY good! THIS IS THE VAULT OF THE LIVING DEAD was purely sickening! Maro Nava's different technique is always enjoyable! Then, more artwork by De La Rosa, Borrell (especially good), and another Ricardo Villamonte illustrated story! You horrifying fiends are being too good to your readers! I also enjoy Cintron, Zesar, and Suso — be sure to have more of them in the future! Cintron always does an excellent job on THE HUMAN GARGOYLES — and Cesar did an excellent job on THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH in NIGHTMARE #15 and WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH? (my all time favorite SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD story) in NIGHTMARE #17! . . .

. . . your best cover of 1973 was PSYCHO #14, drawn by Ken Kelly! It won't be easy coming out with another cover

that had as much impact as your CLASSIC CREEPS cover! To sum this all up: more CESAR - more CINTRON - more BORRELL - more FUJITAKE . . . and remember the words to Helen Reddy's song: 'DON'T YOU MESS WITH A MONSTER' (or something like that! I don't know if that's correct but the HEAP told me and I wasn't about to ARGUE!) . . ."

DIAMOND JIM
West Springfield, Montana

. . . Many thanks, Diamond Jim, for such a long and interesting letter that raises so many questions we can make an entire letters/editorial page real interesting just by answering it — HORROR-MOOD readers know that rarely do we print an entire letter, and especially one this long, but this one gives us an opportunity to answer so many questions that are asked in letters we receive every day that it seems a good idea, which we may repeat again — so y'all take note, rabid readers, this is to announce a SPECIAL CONTEST FOR THE BEST LETTER ASKING THE MOST QUESTIONS . . . we'll devote a future letters page to the winning entry . . . the FIRST PRIZE (and only one person

wins so there's only gonna BE a FIRST PRIZE) is an autographed copy of the current issue PLUS, namely, we'll answer all your dumb questions . . . send your entries in now to SKYWALD SPECIAL CONTEST FOR THE BEST LETTER ASKING THE MOST QUESTIONS, c/o THE ARCHAIC EDITOR, SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 East 41st Street room 1501, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK 10017 . . .

. . . taking Diamond Jim's questions from the top and plunging into the MOOD of things . . . FABA will continue to be featured as a cover artist — his most current cover is the one for SCREAM #6 (yes, FABA ad-

mits the guy holding the skull is PETER CUSHING), and a cover called MIDST THE GRAVES OF THE LIVING DEAD which'll make you choke for breath . . .

. . . the artist for THE DEATH PIT was none-other than DWARFISH DOMINGO, whose continuing madness includes such 1 page masterpieces as OLD HORRORS and THE GRAVE IN THE SWAMP . . . DOMINGO is an exceptional cover artist too, as readers know by his rendering of THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN in PSYCHO #9 and THE OLD VAMPIRE LADY in PSYCHO #16 and he's working on another weird work right now . . .

my favorite story this issue is :

comment :

name : age :

address :

city n' other :

mail to : SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017

WHO ARE YOU?
WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?
WHO ARE YOU?

**THE RED
DEATH**
is coming
soon



...this is DEPRESSING DURAN . . .

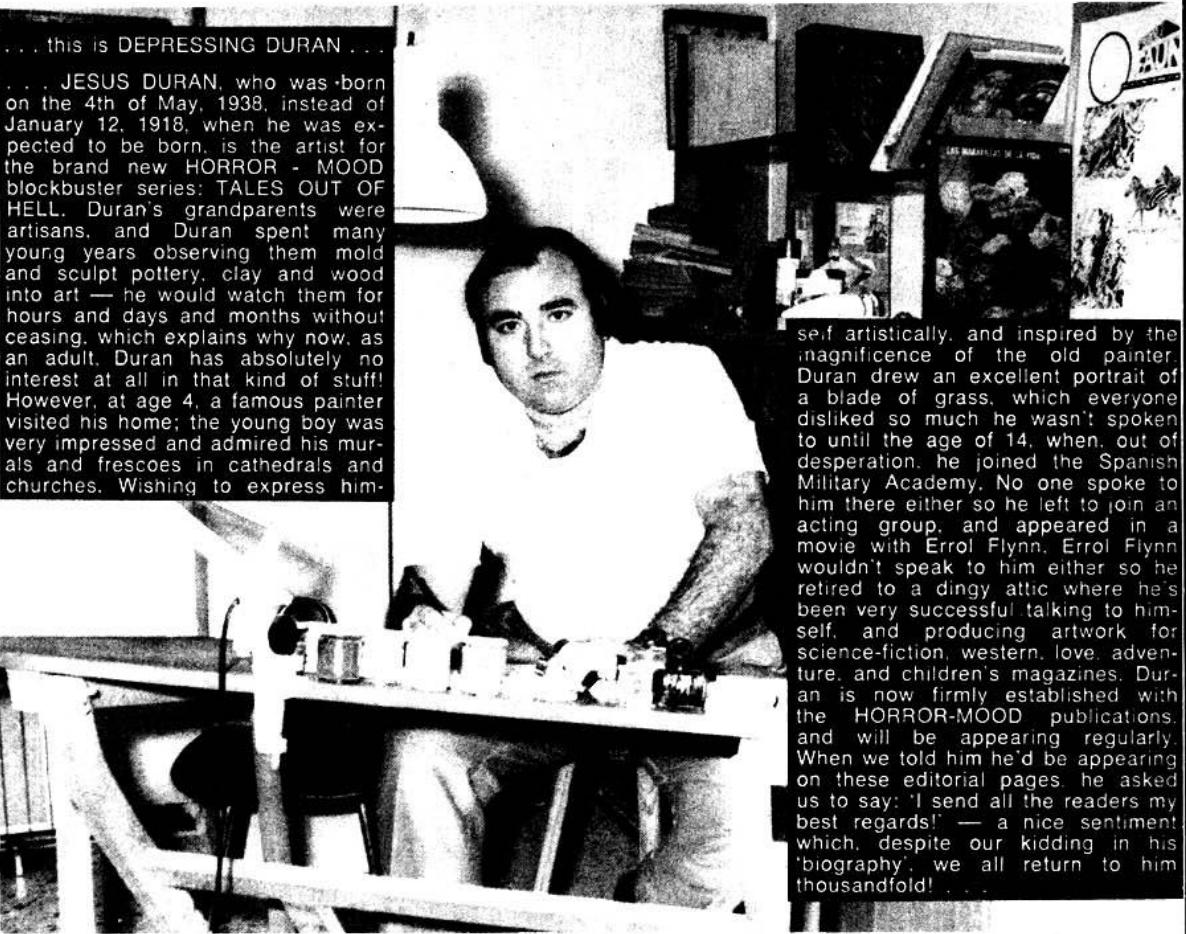
JESUS DURAN, who was born on the 4th of May, 1938, instead of January 12, 1918, when he was expected to be born, is the artist for the brand new HORROR - MOOD blockbuster series: TALES OUT OF HELL. Duran's grandparents were artisans, and Duran spent many young years observing them mold and sculpt pottery, clay and wood into art — he would watch them for hours and days and months without ceasing, which explains why now, as an adult, Duran has absolutely no interest at all in that kind of stuff! However, at age 4, a famous painter visited his home; the young boy was very impressed and admired his murals and frescoes in cathedrals and churches. Wishing to express him-

Messrs. CARDONA and COLLADO were very well received indeed, according to THE HORROR - MOOD MAILBAG, and you can watch for COLLADO'S upcoming TOMORROW THE SNOWMAN WILL KILL YOU, THE GHOST OF THE CORPSE and A TALE OF HORROR . . . CARDONA, meanwhile, is the artist for THE VAULT and THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE (both are in the shoggoth series, formerly illustrated by CESAR), plus THE MAN WITH NO FACE . . .

CESAR, meanwhile, is totally tied up with the popular NOSFERATU, which is so popular it is translated and published in many languages in Europe . . . MAELO CINTRON is returning with THE HUMAN GARGOYLES on a regular schedule (and watch for the special HUMAN GARGOYLES COVER coming soon by artist SEGRELLES) . . . RANCID RICARDO VILLAMONTE is featured just about every issue with a tale, and his cover stories for the upcoming SUMMER YEARBOOKS are magnificent — watch for INTERVIEW WITH A GRAVE-ROBBER in the NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK and THE DAY OF THE VAMPIRE - THE NIGHT OF THE WEREWOLF in the PSYCHO YEARBOOK . . . MARO NAVA will be appearing soon with SPECIAL HORROR DELIVERY . . . BORRELL will be appearing soon with the ED FEDORY scripted tale: THE BURIAL VAULT OF PRIMAL ELD . . . DROWNING DENNIS FUJITAKE will be featured in the centerfold of the NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK with his tale ESCAPE . . . an' as for the HEAP — well, as just about all of fandom must know by now, the HEAP is being re-vamped into an all-new character — one you LITERALLY gotta SEE to BELIEVE . . .

did we answer all the questions? I certainly hope so, namely 'cause we've run out of space . . . if you have something to say - WRITE . . . if you have nothing to say - then READ ON MacDuff . . . rest in peace

ARCHAICAL



self artistically, and inspired by the magnificence of the old painter. Duran drew an excellent portrait of a blade of grass, which everyone disliked so much he wasn't spoken to until the age of 14, when, out of desperation, he joined the Spanish Military Academy. No one spoke to him there either so he left to join an acting group, and appeared in a movie with Errol Flynn. Errol Flynn wouldn't speak to him either so he retired to a dingy attic where he's been very successful talking to himself, and producing artwork for science-fiction, western, love, adventure, and children's magazines. Duran is now firmly established with the HORROR-MOOD publications and will be appearing regularly. When we told him he'd be appearing on these editorial pages, he asked us to say: 'I send all the readers my best regards!' — a nice sentiment which, despite our kidding in his 'biography', we all return to him thousandfold!



THE SAGA OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES RETURNS

after a delay of some issues, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES return to these HORROR-MOOD pages to horrify, mystify and terrify — the most popular characters in the HISTORY of SKYWALD art back to entertain you as only Macabre Maebo Cintron and Archaic Al Hewetson know how . . .

in every issue of
NIGHTMARE

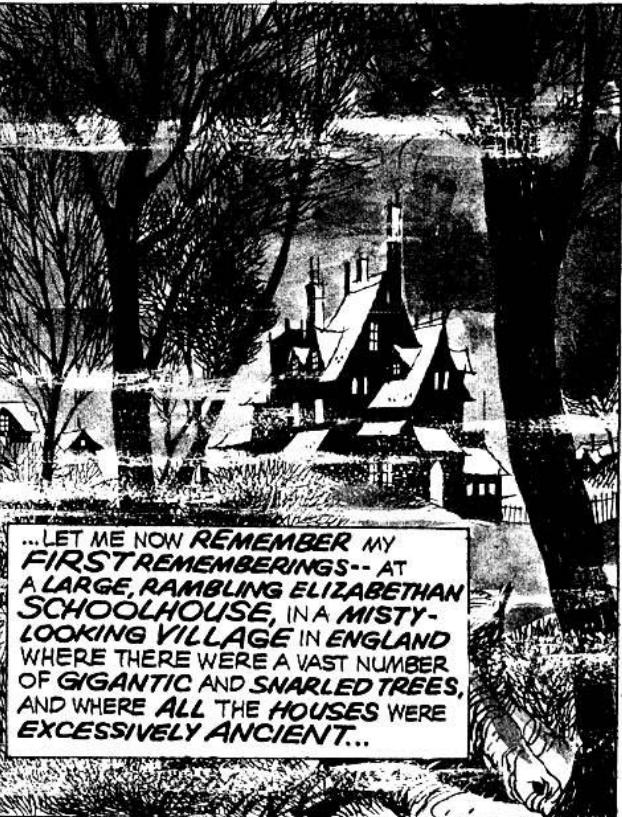


...LET ME CALL MYSELF FOR THE PRESENT, WILLIAM WILSON...OH, OUTCAST OF ALL OUTCASTS; I WOULD NOT, IF I COULD, HERE OR TODAY, EMBODY A RECORD OF MY LATER YEARS OF UNSPEAKABLE MISERY, AND UNPARDONABLE CRIME...



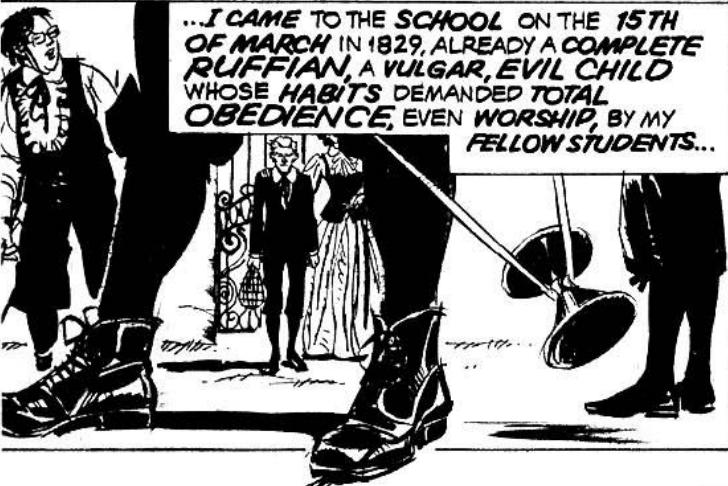
...LET ME SAY -- I AM -- AN EVIL MAN... OH YES, TERRIBLY, AWFULLY EVIL...

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE
ILLUSTRATED BY ALPHONSO FONT



...LET ME NOW REMEMBER MY FIRST REMEMBERINGS -- AT A LARGE, RAMBLING ELIZABETHAN SCHOOLHOUSE, IN A MISTY-LOOKING VILLAGE IN ENGLAND WHERE THERE WERE A VAST NUMBER OF GIGANTIC AND SNARLED TREES, AND WHERE ALL THE HOUSES WERE EXCESSIVELY ANCIENT...

...I CAME TO THE SCHOOL ON THE 15TH OF MARCH IN 1829, ALREADY A COMPLETE RUFFIAN, A VULGAR, EVIL CHILD WHOSE HABITS DEMANDED TOTAL OBEDIENCE, EVEN WORSHIP, BY MY FELLOW STUDENTS...



...IT WAS THAT VERY FIRST DAY, OH GODS, OH HORRORS, THAT I FIRST MET HIM... HIS NAME -- WAS THE SAME AS MINE... HIS BIRTHDATE - JANUARY 19, 1813 -- WAS THE SAME AS MINE... HIS CLOTHES, HIS WALK, HIS WAYS -- ALL THE SAME AS MINE... HIS FACE -- LORD -- HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY OWN REFLECTION, SO IDENTICAL WAS HE IN EVERYWAY!...

...BUT HIS VOICE, WAS NOT LIKE MINE... HE HAD SOME PECULIAR AILMENT OF THE THROAT WHICH PERMITTED HIM TO SPEAK ONLY IN A LOW, GUTTERAL, AWFUL WHISPER... BUT GOD... WHAT HE SAID -- THE WAY HE SAID IT... IT... WAS LIKE LISTENING TO MY OWN VOICE - MOCKING ME!

...LEAVE THEM ALONE WILSON... LEAVE THEM BE...

I'M ONLY HAVING FUN... WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO?

...WHO AM I?...
...I AM...
WILLIAM WILSON





I LEFT AND CAME TO OXFORD WHERE, UPON MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, I INHERITED A VAST FORTUNE... WHICH I BEGAN TO SPEND FREELY-- ENGAGING IN THE MOST DELICIOUS DEBAUCHERIES... FOR TWO YEARS -- I DID NOT SEE WILSON -THE - OTHER... I HAD, IN FACT, FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT HIM COMPLETELY...



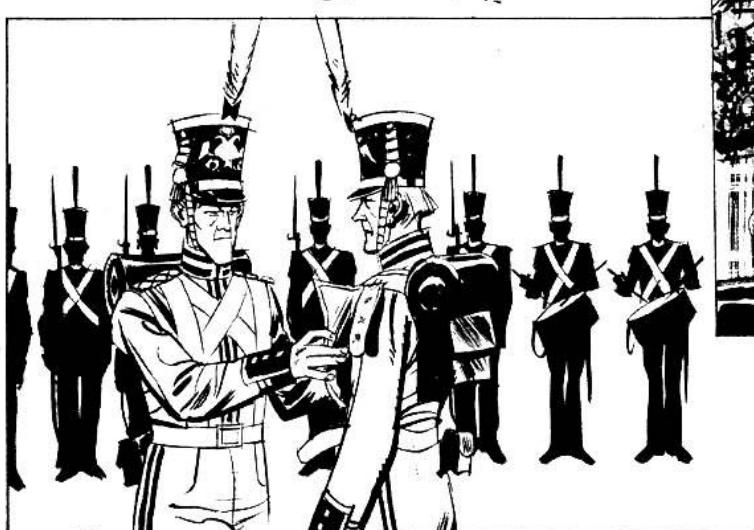
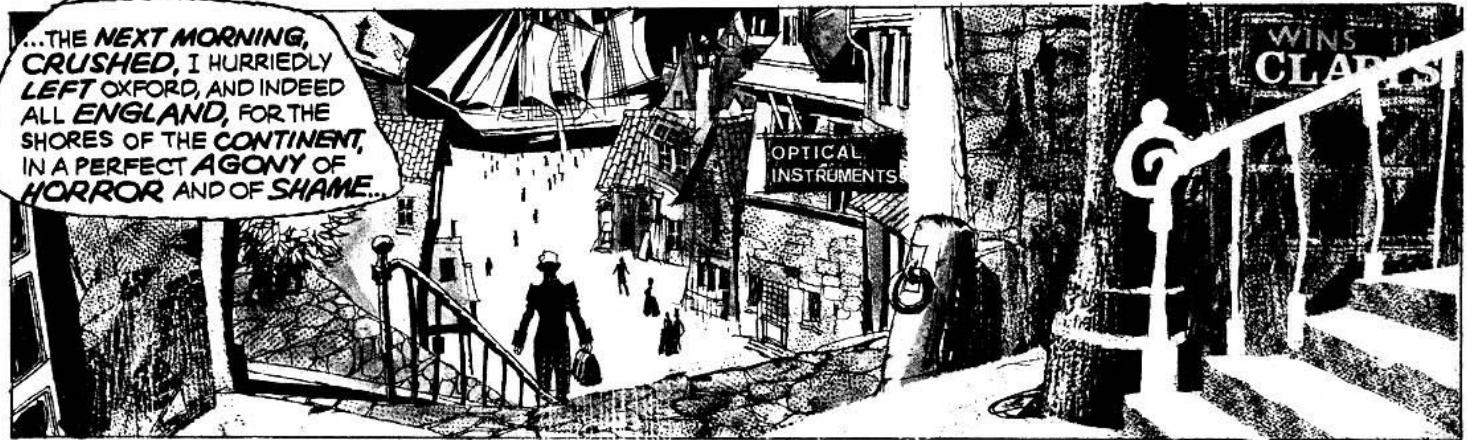
...IT WAS ANOTHER TWO YEARS BEFORE I AGAIN SAW HIM... I HAD IN THIS MEANTIME SUNK TO EVEN FURTHER DEPTHS OF DEPRAVITY-- I WAS AN INVETERATE GAMBLER, A DRUNKARD - MORE - OFTEN - THAN - NOT, COMPLETELY AT THE WHIMS OF MY OPIUM HABIT, A FIEND, AND... WORTHLESS TO MYSELF AND TO THE WORLD...



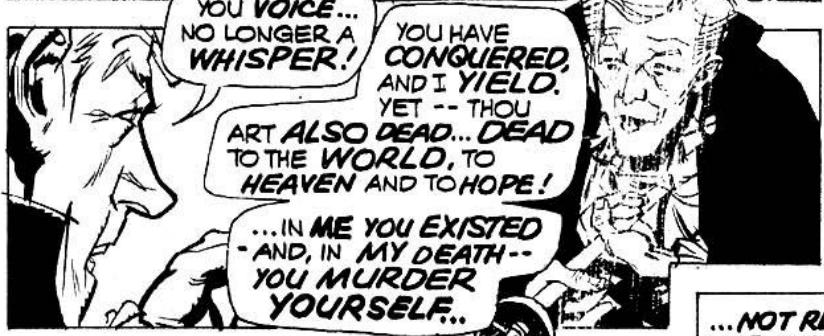
...ON ONE NIGHT, WHEN I WAS ENGAGED IN CHEATING A WEALTHY YOUNG FOOL OUT OF HIS FORTUNE, A LUST TO CRIPPLE ANOTHER HUMAN BEING TOOK HOLD OF ME -- AND I RESOLVED TO RUIN MY CARD PARTNER COMPLETELY...











...THE PUBLISHERS' PREFACE: THE VAULT...

...IN THE PAGES OF **SKYWALD** WE HAVE, THROUGH THE YEARS, PRESENTED A SERIES OF DOCUMENTED 'STORIES' ALLUDING TO THE EXISTENCE OF CERTAIN HISTORIC 'BEINGS' ALIVE IN OUR OWN TIMES... THE TALES OF THESE BIZARRE 'SHOGGOTHS' HAVE BEEN TOLD IN STORIES SUCH AS: **THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND... WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH?**... AND... **THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH**... NOW IN THIS TALE OF HORRORS **BENEATH THE EARTH** IN 'THE VAULT' WE AGAIN ATTEMPT TO CONVINCE YOU THAT THESE HIDEOUS MONSTERS OF WHICH WE SPEAK ARE AS **REAL AS YOU** AND THE FRIENDS AND FAMILIAR ONES WHO SURROUND YOU... WE PRESENT THESE TALES NOT AS FICTION BUT AS UNDENIABLE **TRUTHS**, AS WERE FIRST WARNED IN THE WORKS OF WEIRD WRITER **H. P. LOVECRAFT** WHO UNCOVERED THEIR EXISTENCE THROUGH THE ATROCIOUS **NECRONOMICON**, A BLACK AND OBSCENE VOLUME OF FORGOTTEN AND ANGRY LORE WRIT BY THE MAD ARAB **ABDUL ALHAZRED**... WE LET THE TALE BE TOLD BY ARTIST **JOSE CARDONA** AND OUR EDITOR-WRITER **ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON**.

...THIS IS THEIR TALE... MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON ALL OUR SOULS...



...IN SCOTLAND, IN COUNTY KILMARNOCK, 350 YEARS OF MY ANCESTORS CLUSTER WITHIN A WRETCHED GREY VAULT... THERE ARE TWO 'SPACES' LEFT WITHIN ITS HOLD; ONE FOR MY FATHER WHEN HE DIES, AND ONE FOR ME WHEN I DIE -- THEN THE VAULT WILL BE SEALED AND CEMENTED SHUT FOR ALL ETERNITY...

...I CAME TO THIS PLACE TO SEE IT TO SENSE THE MACABRE KINSHIP OF 18 DEAD BLOOD RELATIVES I KNOW NOTHING OF SAVE THAT THEIR BLOOD RUNS THROUGH MY LIVE VEINS...
...AND SO I OBSERVED THE DEAD ABOUT ME...
...AND THE OPPRESSION OF THE GREYSTONE VAULT...
...AND RESOLVED TO LEAVE, AS QUICKLY AS I HAD COME... FOR TO BE IN THIS **HELLISH CRYPT**, WAS TO BE WITHIN **HELL ITSELF...**



...THE SHOGGOTH CHRONICLES - VOLUME 5...

THE

VAULT

WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

...I WAS ON MY WAY TO GLASGOW BY TRAIN, SOON TO JOIN MY FRIEND JOSE CARDONA AND TO HOLIDAY WITH HIM IN FRANCE, WHEN I FELL INTO DISCUSSION WITH THE OLD GENTLEMAN WHO SHARED THE COMPARTMENT WITH ME...

...VISITING THE GRAVES OF MY ANCESTORS... THEY'RE WITHIN A VAULT IN THE WELLOCK GRAVESITES...

...THE WELLOCK GRAVESITES??



"...THE PEOPLE OF KILMARNOCK ARMED THEMSELVES ONE NIGHT AND WENT UP INTO THE HILLS... WITHIN A LITTLE VALLEY, IT IS SAID, THEY SAW WITH THEIR OWN EYES THE STRANGEST SIGHT EVER SEEN BY MAN... A HOST OF GROTESQUERIES SQUATTED IN THE GULLY MOANING AND GROANING AND CURVING THEIR FACES IN THE DUST... THE SOUNDS WERE AINK TO WAILING AND WEEPING... AND AS THEY WATCHED - IT BECAME CLEAR THE THINGS WERE BURYING THEIR OWN DEAD..."



"...THE VILLAGERS WERE FROZEN IN FEAR, AND COULD DO NOTHING BUT **WATCH** AS THE MONSTERS PUT THEIR DEAD BENEATH THE GROUND - THEN SET **FIRE** TO THE **VERY EARTH ITSELF...**"





"...AT NIGHT WE RETURNED...WITH A SHOVEL EACH... AND UPON THE VERY SPOT WHERE WE'D COVERED WITH THE OLD MAN WE BEGAN TO DIG AND SEARCH..."



"...WE DUG UNTIL DAWN WITHOUT FINDING ANYTHING EXCEPT THE BONES OF A DOG ...AND WERE FORCED TO QUIT OUR SEARCH IN EXHAUSTION AND EXASPERATION..."



"...AND 4 HOURS LATER WE WERE STILL DIGGING...AND STILL SEARCHING..."



...AND IF WE DON'T FIND SOMETHING TONIGHT...WE WON'T HAVE A SECOND CHANCE... WHEN THE GRAVE-KEEPER FINDS THIS HOLE HE'LL CALL THE POLICE...

"...THE SIGHT WE SAW IN THE MOONLIGHT BOILED THE BLOOD IN OUR VEINS..."

"...THE FOLLOWING NIGHT WE DARED RETURN--BUT BEFORE WE MADE IT INTO THE GULLY GRAVESITE, WE HEARD SOUNDS, AND HID OURSELVES--THINKING THEM TO COME FROM GUARDING POLICEMEN..."



MUMMMMM MHHMMHMHHH





"...WE BELTED IT WITH OUR SHOVELS AS HARD AND AS FAST AS WAS POSSIBLE-- WE COULD NOT RUN OR FLEE-- THERE WAS NO WAY WE COULD MAKE FIVE YARDS WITHOUT BEING SET UPON BY THE SHOGOTH..."



"...IT HAD CALLED WITH ITS UNSOULY SHRIEK TO OTHERS, WHO CAME OUT OF NOWHERE TO HEED THE CALL OF THE WOUNDED COMRADE..."







"...IT WAS AS JOSE SAID... IT WAS... THE ENTRANCE INTO HELL...

... IT WAS WHERE THE SHOGGOTHS DWELLED...

... WHERE THEY BRED... WHERE THEY PLANNED THE CONQUEST OF THE SURFACE...

...WHERE DEATH WAS LIFE, AND LIFE WAS NEVER KNOWN...

...TO THIS PLACE THE SHOGGOTHS HAD COME, IT WAS OBVIOUS, TO GATHER IN THE NATURAL CAVERNS, TO BUILD A CITY AND A SOCIETY ONLY ALHAZRED DARED WRITE OF... TO REPRODUCE THEIR KIND 'TILL THEIR EVIL WAS STRENGTHENED BY THEIR NUMBERS...

...THESE PLACES ARE KNOWN... ONE IS AT THE PLACE KNOWN AS THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS IN ANTARCTICA, ANOTHER IS AT A PLACE IN EGYPT, AND NOW THIS PLACE UNDER SCOTLAND... UNDER ITS VERY GROUND... UNDER MODERN SOCIETY ITSELF...



WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING WE'LL EVER NEED JOSE... IF WE CAN CONVINCE THE AUTHORITIES TO COME ARMED TO SEE THIS PLACE WE'LL FINALLY ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING IN THE WAY OF ENDING THE SHOGGOTH THREAT...

...BY ALMOST UNNATURAL COINCIDENCE, AT THAT VERY MOMENT THERE CAME A GREAT RUSHING SOUND IN THE CORRIDOR AND WE SAW THE SHOGGOTHS BOUNDING TOWARDS US... WE HID IN THE BLACK SHADOWS AS THEY GALLOPED PAST US..."

"...THEN RAN LIKE HELL FOR THE EXIT..."

...FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS WE HAVE EVIDENCE OF THEIR EXISTENCE...

...BUT... HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?



...THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE **SADDEST**
EPilogue TO A STORY **EVER!**
YOU WANT TO TELL THE READERS
ABOUT IT, AL?...

...YEH!!... I'LL
TELL IT... IF YOU'LL **DRAW**
IT JOSE... WELL, OBVIOUSLY, WE
MADE IT BACK TO THE **VAULT** OKAY
WITHOUT ANY **FURTHER**
CONFRONTATION WITH
THE **SHOGGOTHS**... THEN
WE WENT TO THE **POLICE**...
WHO JUST... **LAUGHED** AT
US... WE WENT
TO THE ARMY...
AND THEY JUST
LAUGHED... THE
BRITISH GOVERNMENT
JUST LAUGHED... THE
AMERICAN CONSUL
JUST LAUGHED...

...THERE WAS **NOTHINGS** WE COULD DO BUT RETURN THERE **OURSELVES**
AND TRY TO **END** THAT **FOUL CITY** BY LAYING IT TO **TOTAL WASTE**...
WE WENT BACK ARMED WITH **DYNAMITE** AND HIGH POWERED RIFLES
--INTENDING TO BLOW THE ENTIRE AREA TO SHREDS... WHEN WE
ENTERED THE CITY IT WAS... **EMPTY!**...



"...THO IT MAY BE **ANTI-CLIMATIC** FOR A **STORY**, THE
TRUTH IN LIFE IS **OFTEN** ANTI-CLIMATIC... AND THE
OBVIOUS TRUTH WAS THAT THE SHOGGOTH'S, FAILING
TO CAPTURE OR KILL THEIR DISCOVERERS, (US), HAD
JUST **LEFT**... FEARING THEIR **DISCOVERY** BY THE
AUTHORITIES..."



THE GREAT CLASSIC MONSTER-MEN

... a special photo-centerfold presentation of the great, classic monster - men of the scream screen . . .



Boris Karloff as FRANKENSTEIN



Christopher Lee as THE MUMMY



Bela Lugosi as DRACULA



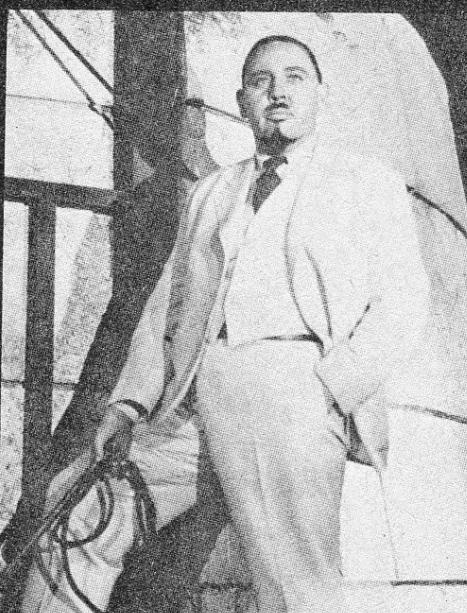
Lon Chaney Jr. as THE WOLFMAN



Lon Chaney as THE PHANTOM



Lon Chaney as THE HUNCHBACK



Charles Laughton as DR. MOREAU



Christopher Lee as DRACULA



John Barrymore as MR. HYDE



Lon Chaney as MR. WU



Vincent Price as DR. PHIBES



William Marshall as BLACULA



Boris Karloff as THE MUMMY



Lon Chaney as VAMPIRE OF LONDON



Boris Karloff as THE GHOUL



Max Schreck as NOSFERATU

. . . these monster-makers are the men who have portrayed the classic monsters - who have defined in our visual imagination the appearance of the mad men, monsters, and men-macabre of great horror literature — the world knows more about Boris Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN than it knows about the work of Mary Shelley — and it knows the world of DRACULA from the portrayals of Bela Lugosi and Christopher Lee . . . these are the men who have made the movie monster one of the most popular forms of entertainment in the 20th century . . .

...WE BEGIN...

...NOW THAT WE'VE STUDIED THE **MYTHS OF ROME AND GREECE** IN OUR **HISTORY CLASS**... YOU MUST HAVE AN **IDEA** WHERE MODERN WRITERS GET THEIR **IDEAS** FOR POPULAR **SWORD AND SORCERY** STORIES... AS YOU'VE SEEN IN PULPS AND POCKET BOOKS AND...

...EVEN IN **COMIC BOOKS**...

...WITH A PROLOGUE...

...NOW I'D LIKE TO HEAR SOME OF **YOUR** COMMENTS ON THIS INTERESTING SUBJECT... WALTER?... WHAT ABOUT **YOU**? ...WALTER?...

THURBER!! ARE YOU **ASLEEP AGAIN?**

...HUH?

SO **THIS** IS HOW YOU DO IT WALTER THURBER!... YOU HAVE **EYES** STUCK ONTO YOUR **Glasses**...
... YOU WERE **ASLEEP** AGAIN... DON'T YOU FIND HISTORY **INTERESTING** THURBER?

...OH YES SIR...

YES MR. MURDOCH, I **DREAM** ABOUT IT ALL
...AH... I MEAN...

...YOU **DREAM** ABOUT IT?...

...YOU STAY **AFTER CLASS** TODAY THURBER
...I WANT TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU...

...THIS IS WALTER THURBER... HE IS NOT A **DUMMY** BY ANY MEANS... HE'S JUST **BORED**... HE'S **APATHETIC** TO THE SUBJECTS TAUGHT HIM--OR, AT LEAST, BY THE WAY THEY'RE TAUGHT HIM... HE'D RATHER **DAYDREAM** AND **FANTASIZE HIMSELF** IN THE ROMANTIC SITUATIONS PRESENTED TO HIM BY HIS TEACHERS...

...THUS STARTS **CHAPTER ONE** OF NOT-THE-MOST-UNUSUAL CONTINUING CHARACTER--FOR WALTER THURBER IS JUST LIKE MOST OF US... AT LEAST AS WE **BEGIN...**

TALES OUT OF HELL written by AL HEWETSON illustrated by JESUS DURAN



... NOW WALTER THURBER'S MIND DRIFTS AS THE TEACHER CONTINUES HIS LECTURE... HE DRIFTS INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION... ONE WITHIN HIM... SOMEWHAT LESS-REAL, BUT THEN, MUCH MORE REAL...

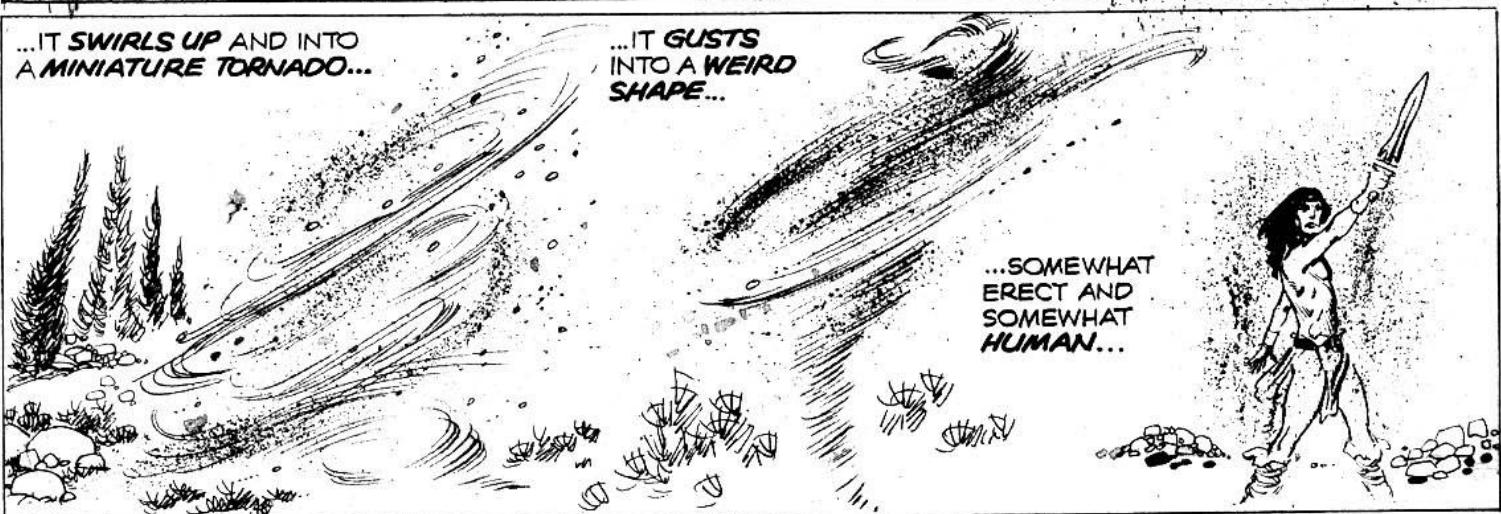
... SO LET'S LOOK AT ONE MYTH WHICH IS A MINGLING OF FACT AND FANTASY... THIS STORY TOOK PLACE IN ANCIENT CRETE IN THE YEAR 810 B.C. ...

... IT IS SPRING AND THE GROUND IS DRY AND DUSTY... THESE IS A MOVEMENT IN THE SANDS AS OF GREAT DISORDER WITHIN...

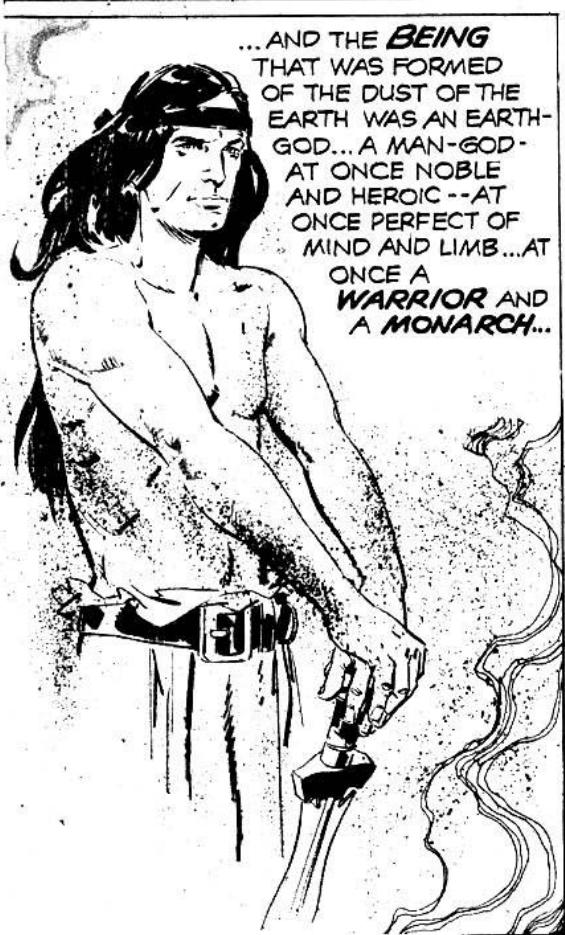


... IT SWIRLS UP AND INTO A MINIATURE TORNADO...

... IT GUSTS INTO A WEIRD SHAPE...



... SOMEWHAT ERECT AND SOMEWHAT HUMAN...



... AND THE BEING THAT WAS FORMED OF THE DUST OF THE EARTH WAS AN EARTH-GOD... A MAN-GOD- AT ONCE NOBLE AND HEROIC --AT ONCE PERFECT OF MIND AND LIMB... AT ONCE A WARRIOR AND A MONARCH...



... I AM BORN... **DARBARAS DOOM...**

... OUT OF INNER-HELL onto OUTER-HELL... I STAND ON THE VERY SAND WHICH I WAS MYSELF ONLY A DISTINCTION AGO...

... BORN WITH A SINGLE PURPOSE-- TO BATTLE THE HORDES OF THE DESPOT WHO PUT THIS COUNTRY INTO ITS CHAINS...

THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD!

...DARBARAS DOOM-- SENT BY THE GODS OF
THE PEOPLE TO BATTLE THEIR CORRUPT RULER--TO
OVER-THROW THEIR **QUEEN**, A MERCILESS
MONARCH NEITHER JUST NOR RIGHTEOUS... ONLY **EVIL**...
...HER NAME WAS **MELINIA**...

HIGHNESS... A
WARRIOR
STANDS AT THE
GATE!

...WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?
A WARRIOR STANDS
AT THE GATE!

I HEARD WHAT
YOU SAID CRETIN... BUT
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
--WHAT WARRIOR IS THERE
IN CRETE WHO IS NOT IN MY
OWN GUARDS?

... I DO NOT KNOW HIM
HIGHNESS... WE
CHALLENGED HIM AND
HE DEMANDS YOUR
PRESENCE WHILE
HE... AH...

HE SAID--
WHILE HE
"ENDS YOUR
CORRUPT
RULE"...

WHILE HE
WHAT?

...WHERE IS
THIS FOOL?...

AT THE
GATE,
MAJESTY

YOU--IMBECILE--

...DID YOU COME HERE
TO DIE?

...ARE YOU
THE MONARCH OF
THIS WRETCHED
KINGDOM?
...QUEEN MELINIA?



WARRIORS...
TAKE TO YOUR
ARMS... APPROACH
THIS LUNATIC AND
KILL HIM...

...YOU SEND AN ARMY
TO MURDER ONE MAN?

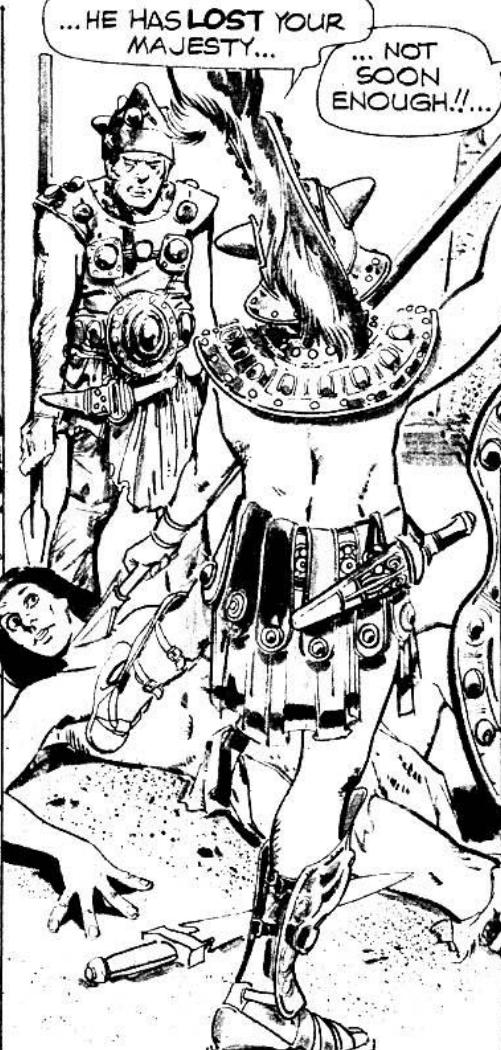
...IT WILL BE SURPRISING
TO YOU WHEN ONE MAN SO
EASILY DISPOSES OF YOUR
ARMY...



...HE HAS LOST YOUR
MAJESTY...

...NOT
SOON
ENOUGH!!!

...THE TRUTHS OF HISTORY, I'M
AFRAID, ARE SOMEWHAT LESS
ROMANTIC THAN POPULAR
FICTION...



...THE MORAL OF THIS STRANGE FABLE IS OBVIOUS, I THINK, IT IS THAT 'PROBLEMS' ARE NOT SOLVED BY A FABLED 'SUPERMAN' COME OUT OF THE DUST...

...IF THE PEOPLE WANTED MELINIA OVERTHROWN... THEY HAD TO DO IT THEMSELVES -- AND ACCORDING TO HISTORY THEY DID RISE UP WITHIN A FEW DAYS AND OVERTHROW HER CORRUPT GOVERNMENT...



...I WON!
I WAS BORN A WARRIOR
...BORN TO DO
BATTLE... TO OVERTHROW,
THE GOVERNMENT... IT
WAS MY SOLE PURPOSE
IN BEING...



...AND THE PURPOSE ONLY HALF-FULFILLED
WITH THE DEFEAT OF THE QUEEN'S
WARRIORS... I NOW SET ABOUT
COMPLETING MY TASK...



...I SET ABOUT
KILLING THE
QUEEN
MELINIA...





...THUS WAS I DECEIVED BY THE **TREACHERY** OF MELINIA-- I WAS AN **INNOCENT** WHEN SHE TOOK MY HEART...YES... MY HEART... IT WAS NOT **REASON**, OR LUST FOR **POWER** THAT HELD MY **SWORD**... IT WAS MY **LOVE**... I WAS **SMITTEN** BY HER **CHARM** AND **BEAUTY**... AND THE INSTANT I LOOKED INTO HER BLUE-DARK EYES I WAS **LOST TO HER**...



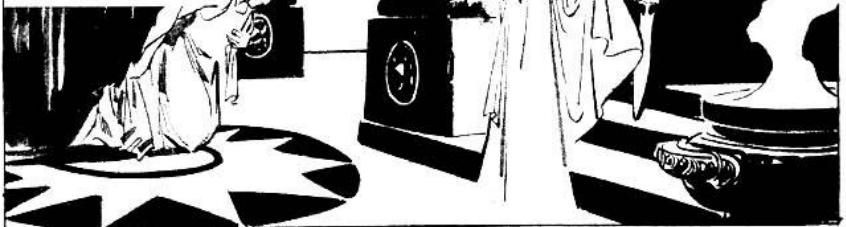
...HAD I LOOKED INTO THE **EYES** OF THE PEOPLE I WOULD HAVE SOON SEEN THEIR **DISTRUST** AND **FEAR** AND **HATRED**... BUT I DID NOT LOOK AT **THEM**... ONLY **AT HER**...



...HOW CAN ONE SO SUBLIME AS YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO CONFESS?...



...AND WAS BLINDED TO HER TYRANNIES EVEN IN THE DAYS OF RULE THAT FOLLOWED... I CAME EITHER TO BELIEVE HER LAWS WERE JUST...OR... CAME NOT TO THINK OF THEM AT ALL...



...WHEN WE TOURED THE LAND I WAS NOT APPALLED BY THE MISERY OF THE PEOPLE... FOR I DID NOT SEE IT... I SAW ONLY FALSE ADORATION...



...DARBARAS... I HAVE...TO CONFESS TO YOU...



...BUT I DO DARBARAS, I DO...

...THAT FIRST DAY, DARBARAS, YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST DAY WHEN I TOLD YOU OF THE SOVEREIGN POWER WHO OVER-RULED THIS KINGDOM...



...IT DOESN'T EXIST...

...IT MATTERS NOT MELINIA...ONLY YOUR LOVE FOR ME MATTERS

... THAT WAS MY OTHER
DECEIT DARBARAS... I DID NOT
LOVE YOU THEN... BUT I TELL
YOU THESE THINGS
NOW BECAUSE I
HAVE COME TO
LOVE YOU
GENUINELY...

...YOU
LIED?...

WELL... YES
DARBARAS... BUT...
DOES IT MATTER
TO US NOW?

MATTER? OF COURSE
IT MATTERS... I HAD
FORGOTTEN MY
PURPOSE ON THIS EARTH...
...TO SEE THE END OF
YOU...
...NOW I SEE THROUGH
YOUR THIN VEIL OF
DECEIT WOMAN... AND I
CAN NO LONGER LOVE
THE UGLINESS I
SEE IN YOU...

...BUT...
BUT
DARBARAS...

...YOUR DEATH
IS AT HAND
FOUL
MONarchs...
...WHAT?

...THE
WARRIOR
HAS SLAIN
THE QUEEN...

AAAAAH

...NOW
I FULFIL MY
PURPOSE...

...WHY DO YOU RAISE
YOUR SWORDS?... I
AM YOUR NEW KING...
I AM NOT LIKE HER...
I WILL BE
JUST AND
HONORABLE!

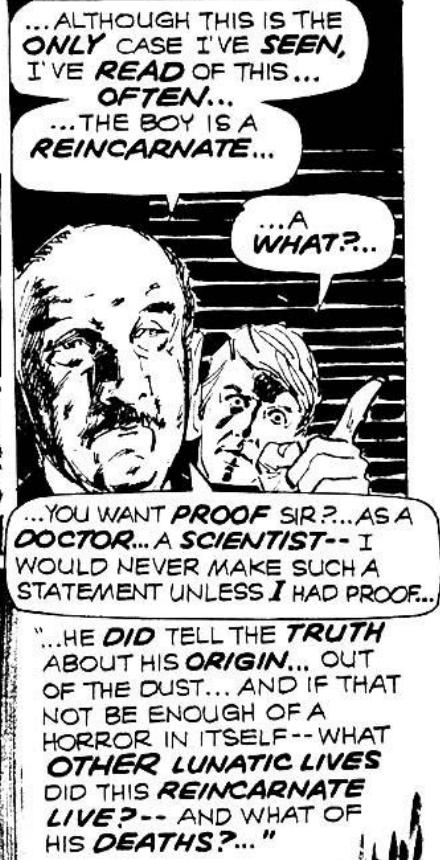
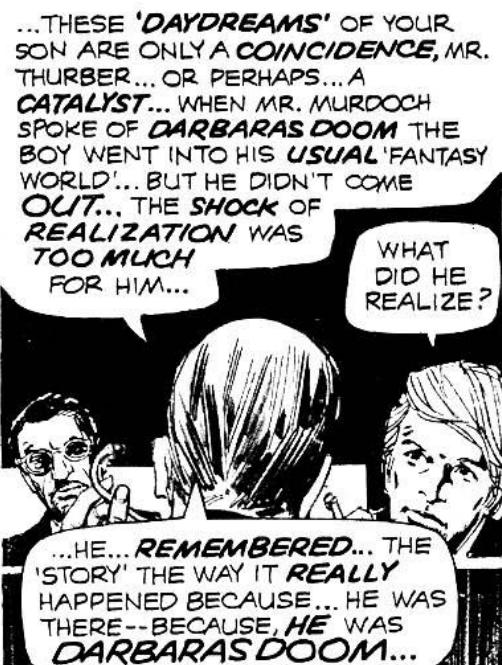
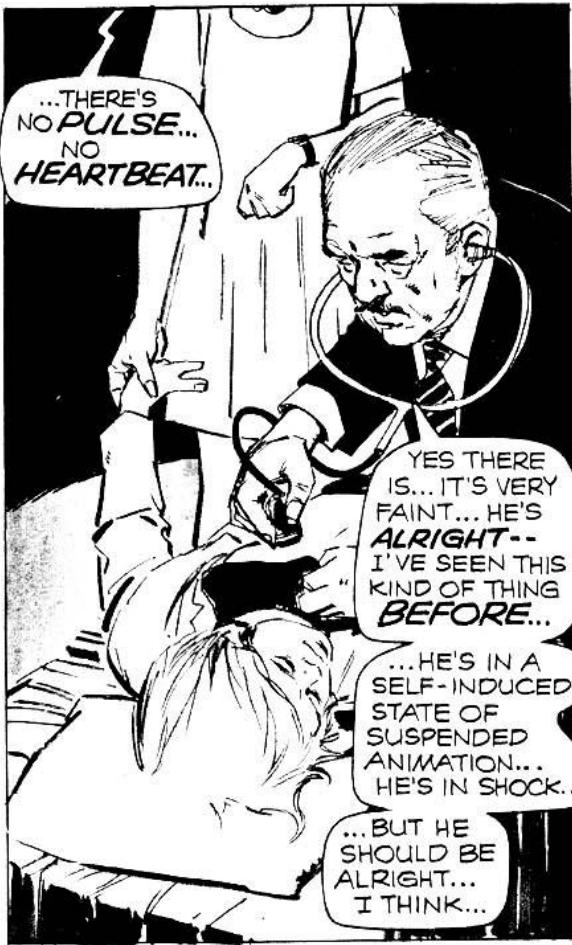
...OH WALTER,
MY SON... MY
SON... WHAT
MADNESS IS
IN YOUR
MIND?...

...WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HIM DOCTOR...
IS HE MAD?

...WHY IS IT COME TO
THIS? WHY? -- DO YOU NOT
TRUST ME... DO YOU NOT
BELIEVE ME?

...QUIET A
MOMENT... I WANT
TO HEAR THE END
OF THIS STORY...





The Autobiography of a Vampire

CHAPTER 3

MY TOMB IS MY CASTLE

...IT IS DUSK...SOON THE MOON WILL RISE...SOON THE VAMPIRE WILL COME OUT TO SPEAK, TO TELL US TALES OF HORROR--TO TELL US THE TALES OF HIS LIFE...THIS NARRATIVE IS HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE





OH...I AM MORBID
AREN'T I? I SUPPOSE A
MAN SHOULD BE HAPPY
JUST TO BE ALIVE...WELL,
OF COURSE, NOT TO MAKE
A JOKE, BUT--BUT
I'M NOT EVEN ALIVE...

...A THREE HUNDRED YEAR
OLD MAN IS NOT ALIVE...HE
SOMWHAT EXISTS, BUT HE
CANNOT LIVE...AND LEAST OF
ALL...HE CANNOT "LIVE" IN
A TOMB...

...ONCE-UPON-A-TIME I HAD
VISIONS OF LIVING IN A HOUSE
...A HOUSE LIKE ANYONE'S HOUSE...
PERHAPS YOUR HOUSE...BUT,
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO...
ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO...
IN GEORGIA I THINK...SOME
CITY IN GEORGIA, I CAN'T
RECALL WHICH ONE...

...IT WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE...IN THE DAWN LIGHT AS THE
SUN CAME UP UPON IT ALL THE WINDOWS WOULD SHINE AND A
HAZE AND AURA SURROUNDED THE WHOLE BUILDING...

...THE HOUSE WAS AT THE VERY
EDGE OF THE GRAVEYARD...I USED
TO SEE THE OCCUPANTS AS I
ENTERED OR EXITED THE GRAVE-
YARD COME DUSK AND DAWN...
AN OLD MAN AND AN OLD WOMAN...



...ONE
DAWN I
HEARD
A SHRIEK
FROM WITHIN
THAT HOUSE...



...I GUESS
IT WAS THE
OLD MAN DIS-
COVERING HIS
WIFE HAD DIED IN THE NIGHT...



...SHE WAS
BURIED THAT NIGHT...JUST
AS IT WAS BECOMING DARK...

WELL, AMY...WE
HAD A GOOD LIFE
...A GOOD
LONG LIFE...
NOTHING TO
COMPLAIN
ABOUT I
GUESS.

...I GUESS
YOU DESERVE
A GOOD
REST!

YOU BROUGHT
FORTH SIX
CHILDREN TO
THIS WORLD...

THEY'RE ALL
GROW'D UP WITH
CHILDREN OF
THEIR OWN...

I'LL
BE KINDA
LONELY, AMY...
WITHOUT
YOU!

ALL THE CHILDREN ARE OFF,
ALL OVER THE PLACE...ALL I
GOT IS THE HOUSE I GUESS-
JUST
THE
HOUSE...

NICE HOUSE
THAT, EH, AMY? YEARS
AN' YEARS THAT WAS
A GOOD HOUSE FOR US...
I'LL KEEP THE HOUSE IN
GOOD SHAPE...PUTTER
AROUND IN IT
TILL I DIE I
GUESS...

...THE OLD HOUSE'LL KEEP ME
COMPANY...NOW AN' THEN ONE
OF THE KIDS'LL COME
OVER...OR AN OLD FRIEND...
AND WE'LL DRINK YOUR
PEACE OF MIND...

WELL, AMY...I'M GONNA
GO NOW...I'LL COME AN' VISIT
YOU HERE EVERY DAY..SEEIN'
AS HOW THE HOUSE IS
SO NEARBY...

GOODBYE,
AMY!



"...HIS WORDS STIRRED ME...HE TALKED OF THINGS I NEVER HAD...NEVER TRULY KNEW...A HOUSE, A HOME, A FAMILY... A LOVED ONE...MANY LOVED ONES...MY MELANCHOLY WAS BROKEN AS HE TRIPPED AND FELL UPON THE TOMBSTONE OF HIS WIFE..."



"...FOR THE FIRST TIME I REALIZED... THE OLD MAN WAS **BLIND!**"

LET ME HELP YOU...
I'LL WALK YOU TO YOUR
HOUSE...YOU LIVE ON THE
EDGE OF THE GRAVEYARD
I KNOW...I'VE SEEN
YOU...AND YOUR WIFE...

OH...YOU'VE SEEN US?
I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE
SOME WINE WITH ME...
DO YOU LIVE NEARBY?

...NO...I-AH-AM
NEW TO THIS CITY--
SAVANNAH...I HAVE
BEEN HERE ONLY A
SHORT TIME...

WELL, WHERE
ARE YOU
STAYING, SIR?

OH I...WAS STAYING
WITH FRIENDS...BUT
NOT ANY LONGER...

...WOULD YOU
LIKE TO STAY
WITH ME?

WHAT?

YOU HAVE A **GOOD VOICE**...
A **KIND** VOICE...I'M SURE
YOU'RE A **GOOD MAN**...

THERE ARE SO MANY
EMPTY ROOMS IN THE HOUSE
...YOU ARE WELCOME TO ONE
OF THEM...

BUT YOU DON'T
KNOW ME AND --I AM
A PECULIAR MAN...I HAVE
STRANGE HOURS...

WELL YOUR LIFE IS
YOUR OWN,SIR...I ONLY
INVITE YOU TO STAY
HERE-NOT TO BECOME
MY COMPANION...

IF YOU CAN SOMETIMES DINE
WITH ME--OR HAVE A **DRINK** WITH ME I
SHOULD BE **HAPPY**...AND IF YOU WOULD OCCASIONALLY HELP
ME DO SOMETHING I CANNOT DO FOR LACK OF **SIGHT**...I SHOULD BE **HAPPY**.
...BUT OTHERWISE...I HAVE NO MOTIVE...IF YOU WANT THE ROOM...IT'S YOURS...

"...I ACCEPTED THE OLD MAN'S OFFER...I LIVED IN A HOUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG, LONG TIME...MY HABITS DISINTERESTED ME...I WAS CONTENT THERE..."



"...THE OLD MAN AND I BECAME FRIENDS...HE WAS INTERESTING COMPANY...HE TALKED ABOUT HIS LIFE...ABOUT GEORGIA...AND ABOUT HIS WIFE AND FAMILY..."

I CAN'T COMPLAIN I GUESS...IT'S BEEN A GOOD LIFE...DID I TELL YOU HOW I MET AMY?

I DID TELL YOU?...OH, WELL...I GUESS ALL I HAVE LEFT IS MEMORIES...I REMEMBER THAT FIRST DAY SO MANY YEARS AGO...YOU ARE A YOUNG MAN, THIS WAS BEFORE YOUR TIME...IT WAS IN SOUTH CAROLINA...I WAS UP TO SEE HER FATHER ABOUT OUTFITTING A SHIP...

YES... YOU DID...

...HER FATHER WAS A SHIP-OWNER, AND I WAS AN IMPORTER OF FOREIGN GOODS; SILKS, THINGS LIKE THAT...WELL, I MET AMY ON THE DECK OF ONE OF HER FATHER'S SHIPS...WHAT A SOUTHERN BELLE SHE WAS...A REAL BEAUTY...

I WAS ONLY UP IN SOUTH CAROLINA A FEW DAYS...BUT IT WAS LONG ENOUGH... I WEDDED THAT GIRL AND BROUGHT HER BACK WITH ME.

...SIX CHILDREN WE HAD...SIX...AND SO MANY GRANDCHILDREN I CAN'T RECALL ALL THEIR NAMES...

...WERE YOU EVER MARRIED?

NO...

OH, SIR...YOU DON'T KNOW YOU'RE MISSING...THE LOVE OF A WOMAN IS THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD...WELL...YOU'RE STILL YOUNG YET...YOU HAVE TIME TO GET MARRIED YET...

...THE OLD MAN WAS BEGINNING TO GET UNDER MY SKIN...ALL THIS TALK...ALL HIS MEMORIES, BEGAN TO ANGER ME...I WAS JEALOUS...BEFORE LONG I HATED HIM...

WHAT'S THAT I SMELL... SMOKE?

JUST A LITTLE FIRE...I'M BURNING SOMETHING...

YOU'LL BURN MY HOUSE DOWN!

MAYBE I WILL BURN YOUR HOUSE DOWN...YOU OLD FOOL...BURN YOUR MEMORIES WITH IT...

WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUCH A GOOD MAN...YOU'RE EVIL...YOU ARE EVIL...

PUT IT OUT-- YOU'LL BURN MY HOUSE DOWN!

DON'T BE STUPID...

YOU CALL ME STUPID?

IN MY OWN HOUSE?

SHUT UP YOU OLD FOOL OR I WILL BURN YOUR HOUSE DOWN...YOUR PRECIOUS HOUSE OF MEMORIES!

NO...
YOU CAN'T...
GET OUT...GET OUT OF MY HOUSE OR I'LL
KILL YOU!



MY GOOD LORD!! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?

...MY HEART...WAS SO FILLED WITH LOATHING...WITH JEALOUS HATRED...I WANTED DESPERATELY TO HURT
THE OLD MAN...THE BEST WAY WAS TO BURN DOWN HIS PRECIOUS HOUSE...



...I AM A WICKED MAN...I KNOW...I CANNOT DESCRIBE THE ECSTASY I FELT AS I WATCHED THE FLAMES LAP
UP HIS MEMORIES...THE DELIGHT OF HIS AGONY AND TORTURE AT SEEING HIS HOUSE DESTROYED...



...HE SHOUTED TO THE NIGHT AIR...I WALKED AWAY WHEN HE BEGAN TO SHRIEK...I WALKED AWAY FROM
IT ALL, FOR I HAD DESTROYED HIM AS SURELY AS IF I HAD RIPPED OUT HIS THROAT..."

"...MY MIND FLASHED BACK TO A FEW NIGHTS BEFORE... WHEN I WAS ENTERING THE GRAVEYARD..."



"...I WENT TO HER TO SHUT HER UP..."



"...SHE STRUGGLED... AND I RIPPED INTO HER THROAT..."



"...I DRAINED HER DRY... HER BLOOD WAS RICH AND AGED... I LEFT HER ON THE PORCH... SLUMPED IN A HEAP..."



"...NO ONE WOULD KNOW HOW SHE DIED... ONLY TWO SMALL MARKS ON HER NECK BETRAYED MY ACT, AND TO THE UNSUSPECTING, IT WOULD APPEAR SHE'D DIED OF OLD AGE..."



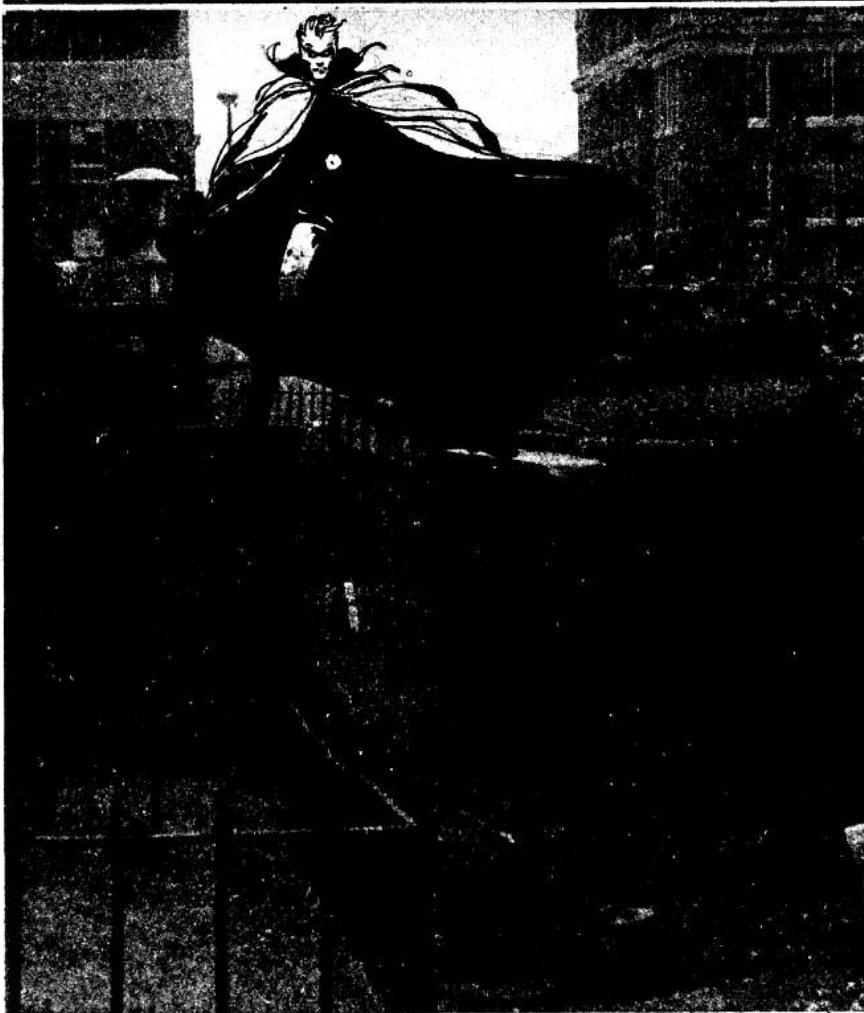
"...YES... I KILLED HIS PRECIOUS AMY... AS I MURDERED HIM BY BURNING HIS HOUSE OF MEMORIES..."

"...I AM A VAMPIRE... A VAMPIRE IS A PARASITE... I SUCKED THE LIFE FROM HER VEINS AND THE LIFE FROM HIS MIND... I DESTROYED THEM, FOR I AM A VAMPIRE!"

"...I SUPPOSE I COULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY IN THAT HOUSE...THE ONLY HOUSE I'VE KNOWN AS A HOME...BUT THE VAMPIRE LUST WAS STRONGER THAN THE HUMAN LUST...I WAS NOT DESTINED FOR A HAPPY LIFE..."



"...IT IS DEPRESSING...AS THE DAWN LIGHT FORCES ME TO END THIS CHAPTER. I CAN FEEL THE PRESENCE OF THE SAD CITY AROUND ABOUT ME...IT IS AS UGLY AS THE GRAVEYARD..."



"...I AM MELANCHOLY. THIS STORY I HAVE TOLD YOU IS ONE OF THE SADDEST OF MY LIFE...I SHOULD THINK OF HAPPIER TIMES, BUT THEY ARE FEW AND I HAVE TO DIG DEEP INTO MY MIND TO RECALL THEM..."

I WILL RETIRE NOW...LEST THE LIGHT BECOMES TOO STRONG AND DESTROYS ME...

...BUT THAT'S DOUBTFUL...THE SMOG IS TOO THICK FOR THE FULL RAYS OF THE SUN TO COME THROUGH...

...STILL...I'M TIRED...AND DEPRESSED...

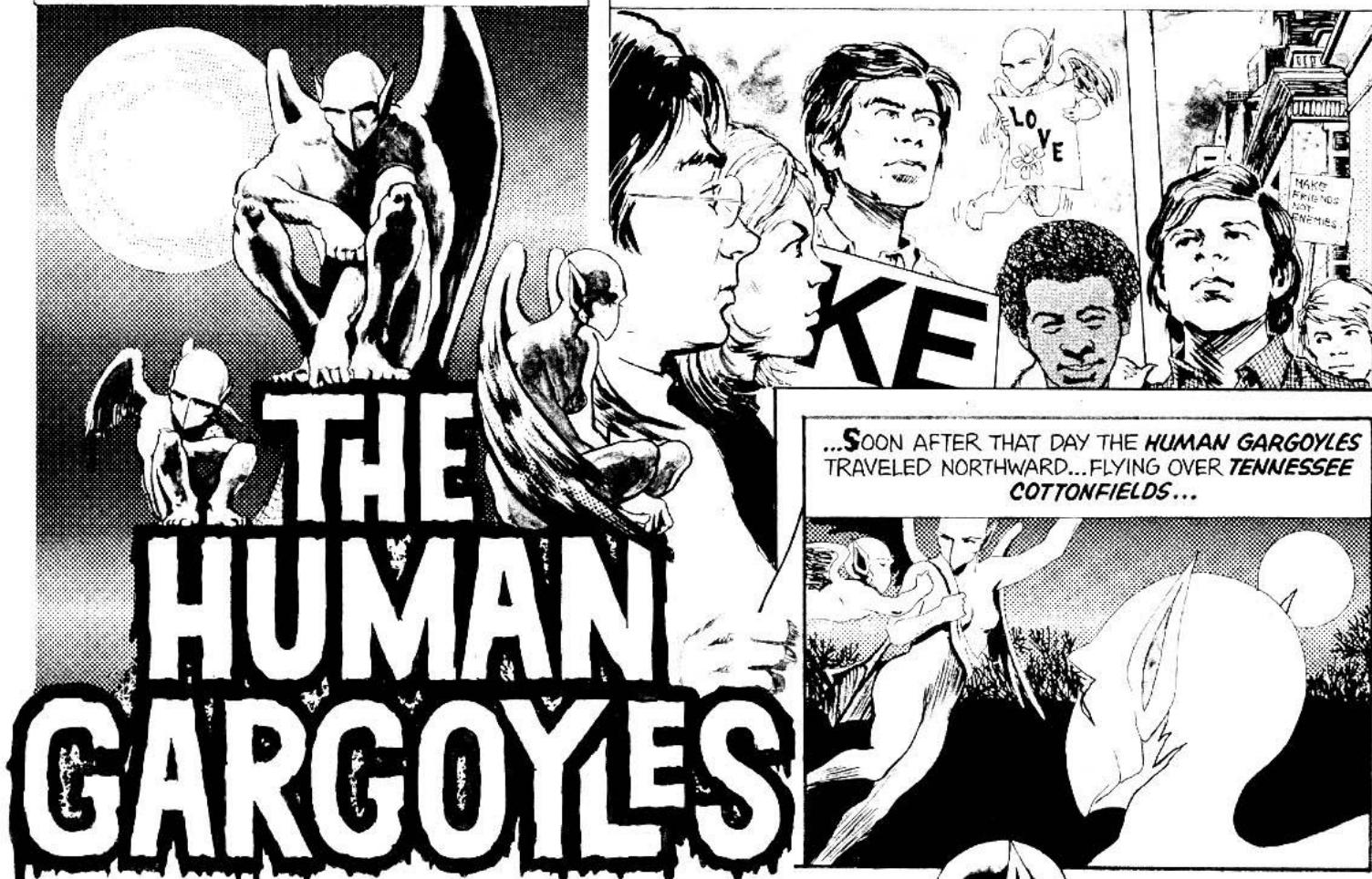
...THE NEXT
TALE I TELL
...I'LL TRY
TO MAKE
HAPPIER...

— Riccardo
Villanovic

— NEXT —
THE VAMPIRE TAKES A BRIDE

...THESE...ARE THE HUMAN GARGOYLES...
AND HERE WE PRESENT CHAPTER SIX OF THEIR
CONTINUING TALE!...BEGINNING WITH A
PROLOGUE...

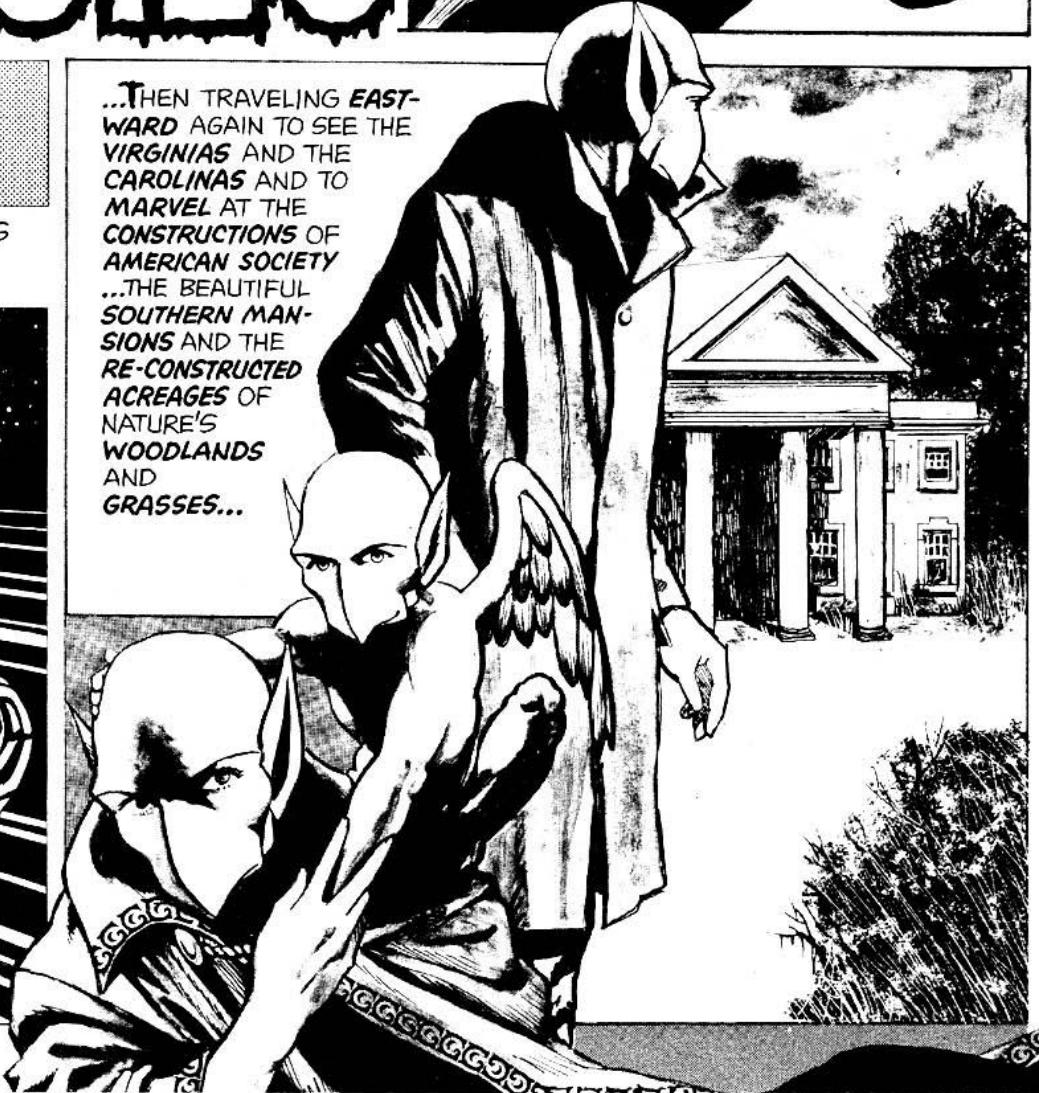
...WHEN LAST WE LEFT THESE NOW-HUMAN STONE GARGOYLES THEY
WERE IN BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA WHERE WE CONCLUDED AN AD-
VENTURE WITH A HEART-WARMING SCENE OF YOUNG ANDY
SARTYROS PARTICIPATING IN A BROTHERHOOD DEMONSTRATION...



...HITCH-HIKING THE FLAT PLAINS
OF OPEN-MISSOURI...



...THEN TRAVELING EAST-
WARD AGAIN TO SEE THE
VIRGINIAS AND THE
CAROLINAS AND TO
MARVEL AT THE
CONSTRUCTIONS OF
AMERICAN SOCIETY
...THE BEAUTIFUL
SOUTHERN MAN-
SIONS AND THE
RE-CONSTRUCTED
ACREAGES OF
NATURE'S
WOODLANDS
AND
GRASSES...



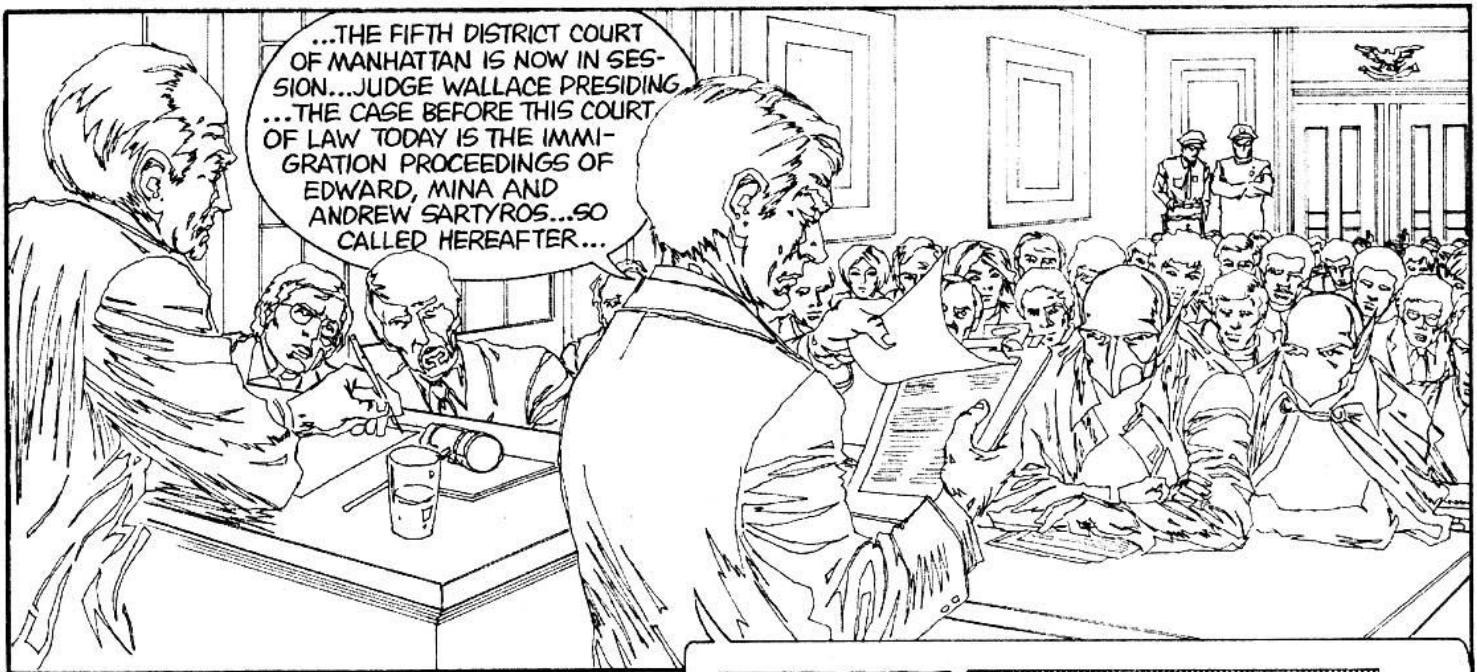
...THE HUMAN GARGOYLES SPENT SOME THREE WEEKS THUS EMPLOYED...IN THE ENJOYMENT OF MAN AND MAN'S MACHINATIONS, COMING AT LAST TO PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE LAWS OF AMERICA BEGAN TWO CENTURIES AGO...



...AND WHEN THEY CAME TO SEE THE LIBERTY BELL THEY WERE STRUCK WITH AWE AND DEEP THOUGHT AS THE AMERICANS WHO STOOD BY THEIR SIDE...



...THE FIFTH DISTRICT COURT OF MANHATTAN IS NOW IN SESSION...JUDGE WALLACE PRESIDING...THE CASE BEFORE THIS COURT OF LAW TODAY IS THE IMMIGRATION PROCEEDINGS OF EDWARD, MINA AND ANDREW SARTYROS...SO CALLED HERAFTER...



...THE COURT THE DAY OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLE'S TRIAL WAS OVERFULL...FOR THE NEWS MEDIA WERE COVERING THE EVENT WITH ALL THEIR EXPLOITATIVE LUST, AND THE PUBLIC WERE IN ATTENDANCE TO COURT CAPACITY...JUDGE WALLACE BANGED HIS GAVEL ON HIS DESK REPEATEDLY CALLING FOR CALM...



...AT THE DEFENDANT'S BENCH THE SARTYROS FAMILY SAT QUIETLY AND ATTENTIVELY; EVEN YOUNG ANDREW--WITH HIS HANDS CLASPED TIGHTLY AND LEANING FORWARD ON THE TABLE, THINKING OF HIS OWN IMPROBABLE THO' POTENTIALLY POSSIBLE FUTURE AS A DYNAMIC CRIMINAL LAWYER...



THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

...IN THE PRESS ROWS THE REPORTERS SAT FIDGETING, ALERT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME...

...AND IN THE PUBLIC ROWS THE PUBLIC ANTICIPATED THE MORE SENSATIONAL ASPECTS OF THE CASE WHICH THEY COULD REPORT FIRST-HAND TO THEIR FRIENDS FOR YEARS AND YEARS TO COME...



...NOW JUDGE WALLACE CALLS EDWARD SARTYROS TO ANSWER QUESTIONS...QUESTIONS WHICH CONCERN HIS *PAST* AND HIS *FUTURE*...

MR. SARTYROS... WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE A CITIZEN OF THESE UNITED STATES?

...BECAUSE...I BELIEVE IN THE DIGNITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL... AND NO OTHER CONSTITUTION IN THIS WORLD PROMISES THE FREEDOM GUARANTEED IN YOURS...

...THAT IS VERY PROFOUND, MR. SARTYROS...BUT YOU HAVE FLAUNTED YOUR DISRESPECT FOR OUR LAWS IN THE *PAST*...BY ENTERING THE COUNTRY ILLEGALLY...

...AND BY CONSTANT STREET BATTLES WITH INHUMAN MONSTERS OF THE MOST MACABRE ORIGIN...



...WHEN I ENTERED THIS COUNTRY...MY FAMILY AND I SAW NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO ENTER IT ILLEGALLY...

...THE CREATURES I BATTLED WERE NOT OF MY OWN CREATION... I DID NOT WANT TO FIGHT THEM....

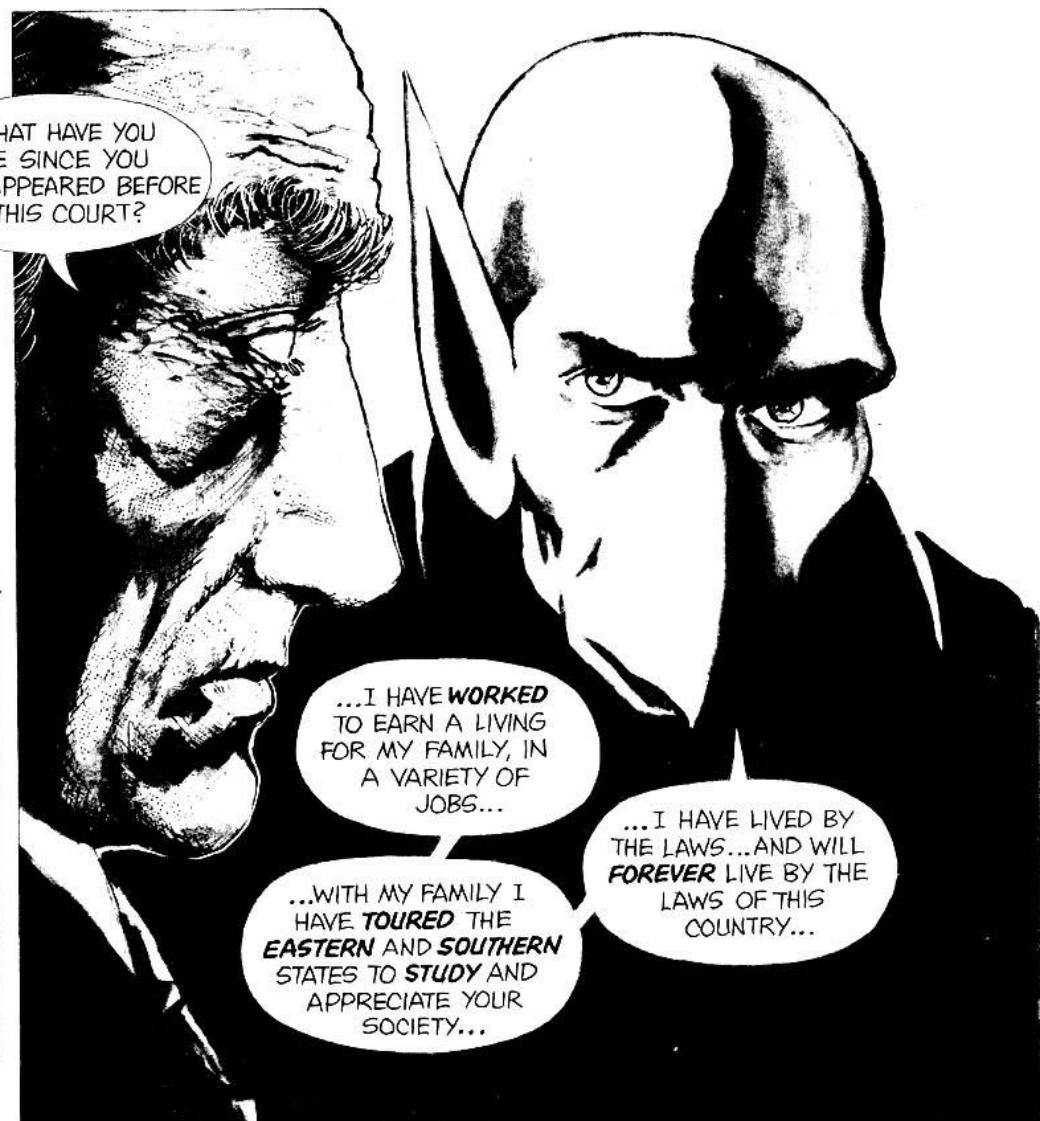
...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE SINCE YOU LAST APPEARED BEFORE THIS COURT?

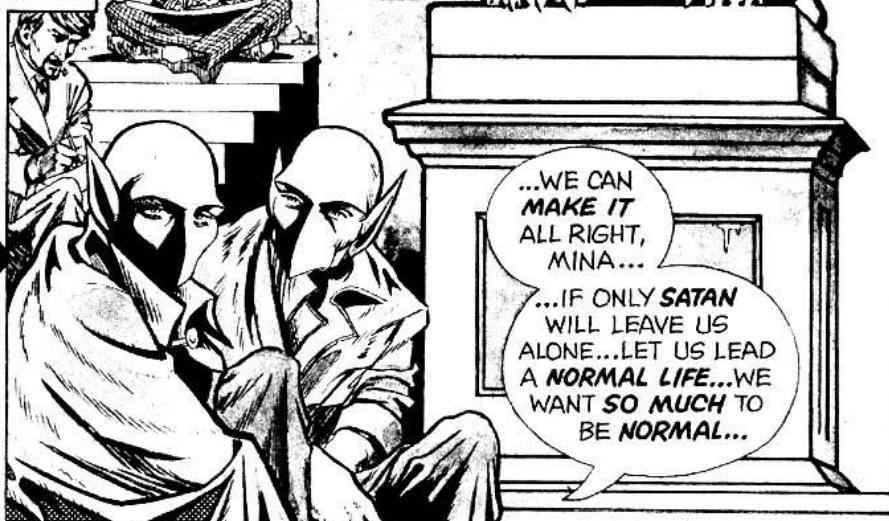
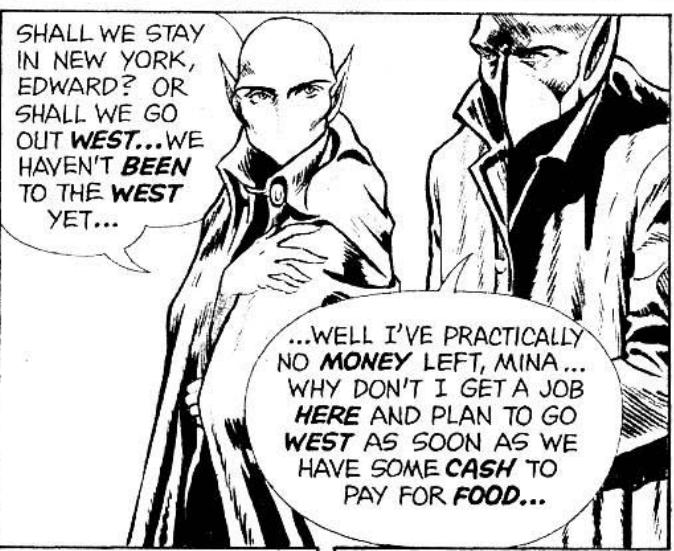
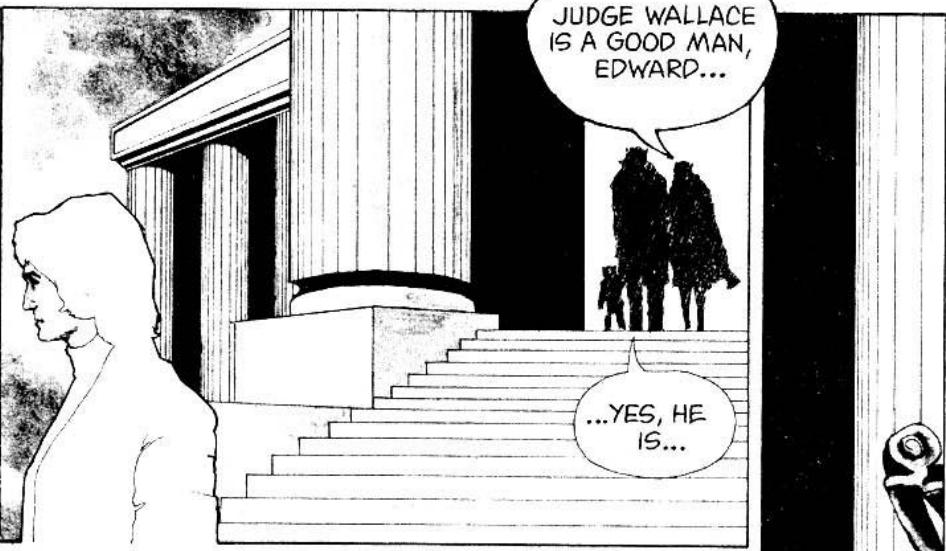
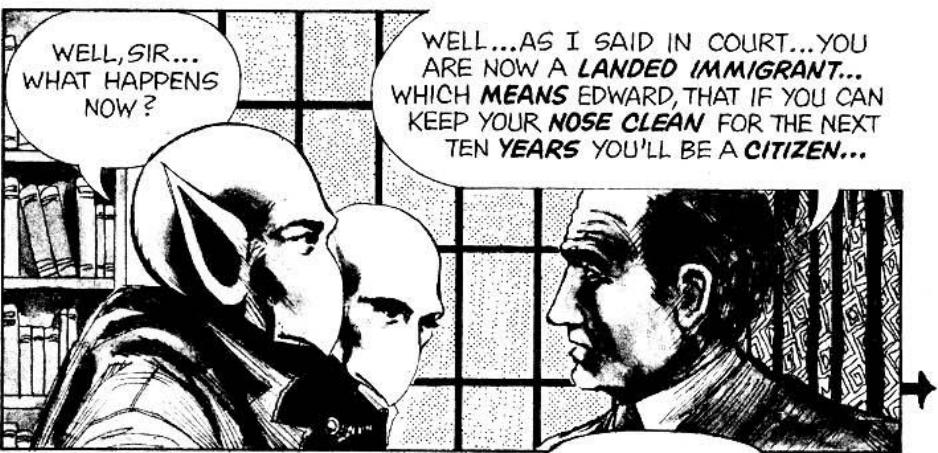
...I WAS PRESENTED WITH NO ALTERNATIVE...

...I HAVE WORKED TO EARN A LIVING FOR MY FAMILY, IN A VARIETY OF JOBS...

...WITH MY FAMILY I HAVE TOURLED THE EASTERN AND SOUTHERN STATES TO STUDY AND APPRECIATE YOUR SOCIETY...

...I HAVE LIVED BY THE LAWS...AND WILL FOREVER LIVE BY THE LAWS OF THIS COUNTRY...





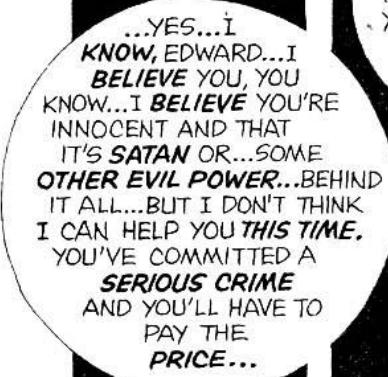




HEY!!
HAVE YOU
GONE MAD
MISTER?







NEXT:
THE FREAKS

preview of a

TALE OF HORROR

it is IMPOSSIBLE to forget — one of the STRANGEST tales of the macabre EVER WRITTEN . . .

The RED DEATH



THE MASQUE OF RED DEATH

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